

EXPLOSIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY!

# 1984

NUMBER TWO

AUG 1978

A WARREN MAGAZINE

\$1.50

**MEN DIED  
TO POSSESS  
HER!**

**PLANETS  
BATTLED TO  
CLAIM HER!  
SHE WAS  
UNIQUE  
IN ALL THE  
UNIVERSE!**

**YET, SHE  
CARRIED  
A DEADLY  
SCOURGE!**





# SOAR THROUGH THE COSMOS!

**FLY  
WITH US  
TO PLACES  
WHERE  
NO MAN  
HAS GONE  
BEFORE!**

**ESCAPE THE  
DRABNESS  
OF THE  
COMMON  
WORLD!**

**FIND  
REFUGE  
IN THE  
SANITY  
OF 1984!**

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## LAST OF RED HOT LOVERS

By now, everyone knows the story of how civilization came to an end. There were no bombs. No great wars. What happened, of course, could only be called a divinely inspired "accident." For years, the Soviets trucked their nuclear wastes to a naturally bottomless pit at the peak of Mount Ichinskaya. When that pit began to boil, however, they realized that their nuclear "munitions pit" was in reality a long-dormant, newly-activating volcano!

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## SCOURGE

Mankind was always a boisterous, rowdy race. Men considered themselves unique in all the universe. Little did they realize how accurate they were. And yet, it was not man who was unique. It was woman!

12

## THE KIT

What's the matter, bunky ... living got you down? Are the worms of life slowly eating away at your sanity? Act now, and your problems will be a thing of the past ... with the Sure-Fire, Self-Decimation Kit!

20

## FUNNY FARM

First they stuck these humongous needles into my brain. Then they filled my head with their perverted fantasies. It wasn't a bad form of entertainment, really. But I couldn't see it replacing the tube!

28

## JANITOR

He was an unassuming little man. Some might even call him ugly. Yet, there was something about him ... a sinister magnetism that women couldn't refuse. It was as if he had been sent to them for a purpose!

34

## MUTANT WORLD

Dimento was hungry. But that wasn't unusual. Dimento was always hungry. Yet, after mankind destroyed his world, there was very little to eat. Oh, a stray rat would wander by every now and then. On a good day he might find a maggot-filled dog. Once, he had been lucky enough to stumble upon the week-old carcass of a horse. It was rare, though, that he could find an unarmed man. They were the best. He could make one of them last for days!

43

## MESSIAH

Ever wonder what it's like to make it with a Mercurian Slime Boar? Do it to a Nymphodite, or get it on at an orgy of Altarian wart blobs? I know. Because I am a scientist. I specialize in the science of sex!

51

## MANEATERS

Homonculus Retch was his name. But they called him a maneater. Okay, so he ate forty-two of the passengers aboard his intergalactic star-cruiser. But what else was a fella to do when the provisions ran out?

62

## THE MICROBE PATROL

Their ship was small. Miniscule. Invisible to the naked eye. They called their craft "The Bug!" Its mission: to enter the bloodstream of the human body and do combat with invading virus. It was a journey as uncertain as a flight into deep space. But the crew loved their work. Morale was high. And if you listened very closely you could even hear their spirited song! "Oh, the Microbe Patrol. The Microbe Patrol. We keep toxins under control!"

69



BY NOW EVERYONE KNOWS THE STORY OF HOW CIVILIZATION CAME TO AN END. THERE WERE **NO BOMBS, NO GREAT WARS**. THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY NOTEWORTHY RIOTING IN THE STREETS. THE BRILLIANT FLAME THAT WAS MANKIND JUST SORT OF SPUTTERED OUT AND **DIED!**

HA! HA! HA!  
SLAY THE SYPH-LICKING  
APES! MASSACRE THE  
DOG REAMING PIGS!

WEED OUT THEIR  
WORM-EATING WOMEN!  
IT'S TIME WE HAD US  
SOME FUN!

ONE DAY THERE WERE **TWENTY BILLION** DEMANDING SOULS SCREAMING OUT TO BE FED, CLOTHED AND SHELTERED. THE NEXT THERE WEREN'T BUT A **HANDFUL** OF MEEKLY WHIMPERING BODIES, AND ANY RESEMBLANCE THEY SHARED WITH HUMAN BEINGS WAS MORE ACCIDENT THAN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

WHAT HAPPENED, OF COURSE, CAN ONLY BE BLAMED ON THE **SCIENTISTS...**! WHAT THEY DID, YOU MIGHT RECALL, WAS NOTHING SHORT OF **INSPIRED!**

# The LAST of the RED HOT LOVERS



FOR YEARS SCIENTISTS OF EVERY COUNTRY EXPOUNDED ON THE MERITS OF CLEAN, SAFE **NUCLEAR POWER**, TO MEET THE WORLD'S GROWING ENERGY DEMANDS.

WHAT THE SANCTIMONIOUS SAVANTS DIDN'T LIKE TO TELL US WAS THAT THE "WHOLE SOME" ATOMIC POWER PLANTS WHICH MADE OUR WORLD TURN, ACTUALLY PRODUCED LIMITLESS TONS OF RADIOACTIVE **WASTES!**

THE WASTE IN ITSELF WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN TOO BAD AS LONG AS IT COULD HAVE BEEN SAFELY STORED FOR TWO OR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS...WHICH IS ROUGHLY HOW LONG IT TAKES THE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS TO BURN THEMSELVES OUT!

HA! HA! HA! SLIMING NEANDERTHALS! THERE MUST BE CLOSE TO FIVE HUNDRED DEAD! TELL ME, LIEUTENANT... HOW MANY **WOMEN** DID WE NET FROM THIS SCUM?

A HANDFUL, COMMANDER! THERE CAN'T BE MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE!



YET, EACH COUNTRY HANDLED THEIR NUCLEAR WASTES IN VARYING **UNORTHODOX** WAYS...!

THE **JAPANESE** HID THEIRS IN A DEEP UNDERSEA TRENCH ...JUST OFF THE COAST OF **CHINA!**

THE **CHINESE** STORED THEIRS IN WOODEN CRATES IN THE HEART OF DOWNTOWN **MONGOLIA...**!

AND THE **AMERICANS** SHIPPED THEIRS TO **PUERTO RICO**...FIGURING THAT ANY UNFORSEEN NUCLEAR "ACCIDENT" WOULD ONCE AND FOR ALL SOLVE THE DILEMMA OF ANNEXING THEIR "FIFTY-FIRST STATE!"

THE NUMBER **DWINDLES** WITH EACH SUCCESSIVE RAID! SOON THERE'LL BE **NONE!** THEN WHERE WILL WE QUENCH OUR LUSTS?

WHO CARES, COMMANDER?! WE LIVE ONLY FOR **TODAY!**



TONIGHT WE BATHE IN **BEAVER...**



WHEN IT CAME TO DISPOSING OF NUCLEAR GARBAGE, HOWEVER, THE **RUSSIANS** WERE THE MASTERS HANDS DOWN. THEY TRUCKED THEIR RADIOACTIVE WASTE TO THE PEAK OF **MOUNT ICHINSKAYA**. THERE, THEY DUMPED IT INTO THE NATURALLY BOTTOMLESS PIT FOUND AT THE APEX OF THE MOUNTAIN.

...**TOMORROW** WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE DROUGHT!

THAT WORKED PRETTY WELL...FOR FORTY OR FIFTY YEARS...UNTIL THE MOUNTAIN BEGAN TO **BOIL!** IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT THE "CLEVER" **RUSSIANS** REALIZED THAT THEIR ATOMIC "MUNITIONS PIT" WAS IN REALITY A LONG-DORMANT, NEWLY-ACTIVATING **VOLCANO!**

THERE WASN'T MUCH THEY OR ANYONE ELSE COULD DO TO STOP THE IMPENDING ERUPTION...! SO THE WILY **REDS** SIMPLY SHRUGGED THEIR SHOULDERS AND **MILKED** THE NEWS FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH...!





THE KREMLIN ISSUED STATEMENTS, TV BRIEFS, AND BULLETINS...! THEY BOISTEROUSLY TOLD THE WORLD OF THE COMING ATOMIC HOLOCAUST, AND HOW IT WOULD BE BROUGHT ABOUT, **COURTESY** OF AN INSPIRED SOVIET GOVERNMENT.

MACHIAVELLIAN RUSSO PROPAGANDISTS CLAIMED THE NUCLEAR ERUPTION WOULD "**THIN OUT**" SOME OF THE FATTY EXCESS POPULATION, MAKING THE WORLD LIVEABLE ONCE AGAIN FOR THOSE OF US WHO REMAINED. THE RUSSIANS PROUDLY PROCLAIMED THEMSELVES "THE SAVIORS OF ALL HUMANKIND!"



LOOK! OUR FORCES RETURN! THEY BRING US FRESH MEAT TO IDLE AWAY THE NIGHT!

TELL THE KING! HE'LL WANT TO KNOW. THE BEST IS HIS... THE REST WE SPLIT AMONG US ALL!

THE ANNOUNCEMENT PROVED TO BE SUCH A PUBLIC RELATIONS **COUP** THAT LEADERS OF LESSER NATIONS **BERATE** THEMSELVES FOR NOT HAVING THOUGHT OF IT FIRST.

THOSE WHO WERE THERE WHEN ICHINSKAYA ERUPTED HAD THEY LIVED, NO DOUBT WOULD HAVE SAID THAT IT WAS TRULY A **MARVEL** TO BEHOLD. ALL THE BEAUTIFULLY COLORED ISOTOPES... STRONTIUM, CESIUM, AND PLUTONIUM, SPURTED LIKE THE ULTIMATE **ORGASM**, IN A KALEIDOSCOPIC DISPLAY SHOOTING EIGHT MILES INTO THE SKY.

WHEN THE DETRITUS CAME DOWN, OF COURSE, IT CAME DOWN **ALL** OVER THE WORLD... IRRADIATING THE LAND AND THE BODIES OF EVERY LIVING BEING WITH MILLICURIES OF **RADIOACTIVE DEBRIS**!

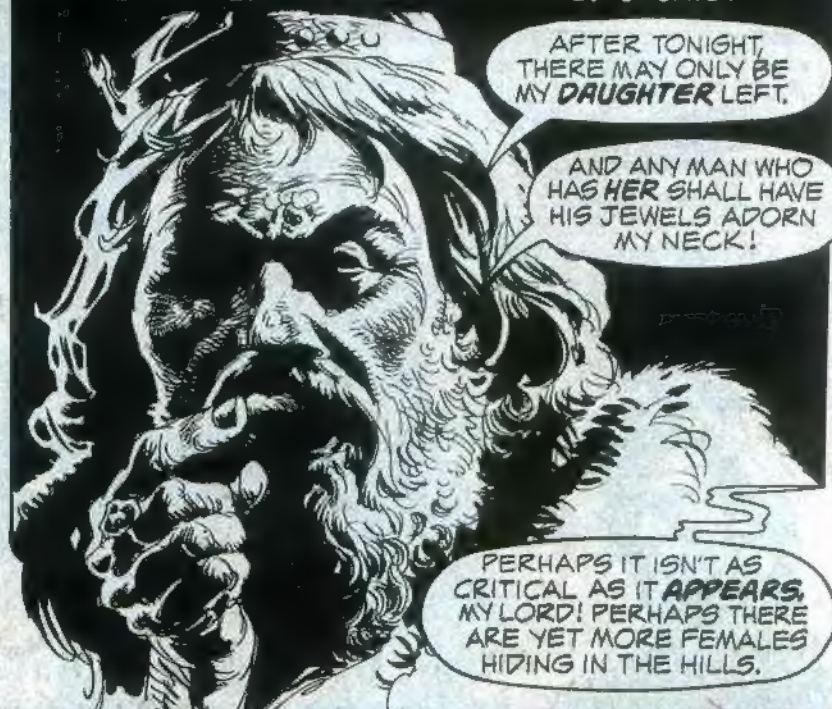
MY LIEGE! I BEAR **BITTER** NEWS! WE HAVE BUT **FIVE** TARTS FOR YOUR PLEASURE... FROM A TOTAL OF OVER FIVE HUNDRED DEAD...!

FIVE FROM FIVE HUNDRED?

THEN THE SHORTAGE IS AS BAD AS WE FEARED!



PLANTS AND ANIMALS WERE THE FIRST TO GO! MAN-KIND FOLLOWED SEVERAL SECONDS LATER...! IT WAS TRULY A **CURIOUS** SIGHT... PEOPLE BLOATING, BECOMING POCK-MARKED AND PULPY, THEIR BONES DECOMPOSING INTO JELLY. IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT BEFORE THEY BEGAN **EXPLODING** IN LITTLE RED SPURTS!



AFTER TONIGHT, THERE MAY ONLY BE MY **DAUGHTER** LEFT.

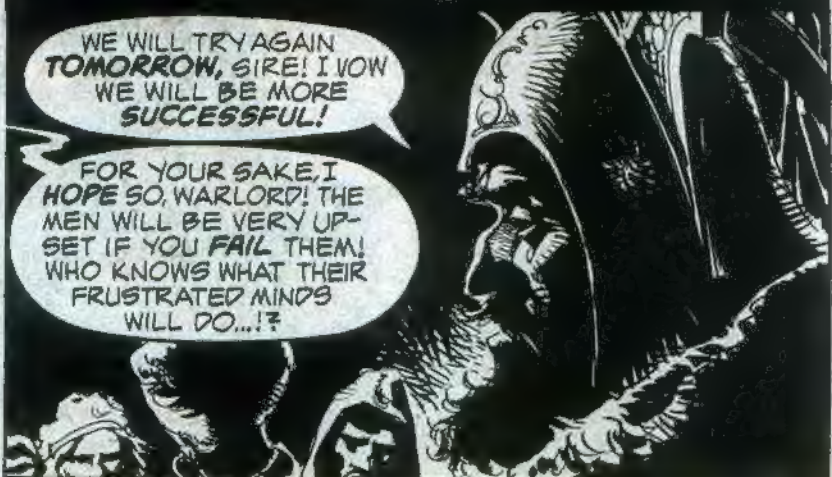
AND ANY MAN WHO HAS **HER** SHALL HAVE HIS JEWELS ADORN MY NECK!

PERHAPS IT ISN'T AS CRITICAL AS IT **APPEARS**, MY LORD! PERHAPS THERE ARE YET MORE FEMALES HIDING IN THE HILLS.

THOSE WHO SURVIVED CHRISTENED IT "**THE DAY OF MAN-KIND'S FINAL SPURT**," BUT THEN, THOSE WHO SURVIVED HAD TO SHOW **SOME** SENSE OF HUMOR, SINCE PORTIONS OF THEIR OWN RADIOACTIVITY-DRENCHED BODIES WERE SLOWLY WITHERING AWAY!

WE WILL TRY AGAIN **TOMORROW**, SIRE! I VOW WE WILL BE MORE **SUCCESSFUL**!

FOR YOUR SAKE, I **HOP** SO, WARLORD! THE MEN WILL BE VERY UP-SET IF YOU **FAIL** THEM! WHO KNOWS WHAT THEIR FRUSTRATED MINDS WILL DO...!?





THE MOST COMMON AFFLICTION AMONG THE SURVIVORS WAS THAT WHICH CAME TO BE CALLED "HOT BOX ROT!"

MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK...OR SOON WE HAVE NO MORE NOOKIE!

FIVE HUNDRED DEAR.. AND LAST OF WOMEN ALMOST GONE!

WE NOT HAVE GOOD LUCK WHEN IT COME TO WAR!

THE RADIATION, INSTEAD OF AFFLICTING THE ENTIRE HUMAN FORM, FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON RESTRICTED ITSELF TO THE **TESTES** OF THE ADULT HOMO SAPIEN MALE!

EVEN THEN, ITS EFFECTS COULD SCARCELY BE SEEN OR FELT. THE CONDITION MANIFESTED ITSELF ONLY IN TIMES OF UNBRIDLED **PASSION**.



AFTER WOMEN GONE, ONLY FEMALE LEFT BE KING'S UNBLEMISHED DAUGHTER!

BE GOOD IDEA TO TAKE HER CAPTIVE! THEN WE MAKE KING FAIR TRADE!

HE TAKE NO MORE WOMEN... AND WE BE NICE TO GIRL!



SEEM LIKE GOOD EXCHANGE TO ME!

IT SEEMS THAT SOMEHOW THE MALE REPRODUCTIVE GLANDS **ABSORBED** THE RADIATION AND STORED IT LIKE A MINATURE **REACTOR**...UNTIL THE CLIMACTIC MOMENT IT WAS **RELEASED** AND SENT HURTLING DOWN THAT LONG, DARK **TUBE**!

NATURALLY, THE **RECIPIENT** OF THESE ATOMIC **PAYLOADS** GENERALLY RECIEVED THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LICENTIOUS YOUNG LIVES! WOMEN **LIT UP** LIKE ST. ELMO'S FIRE, BEFORE FIZZLING OUT TO THE GREAT BEYOND!

THERE'S NO TELLING **HOW** MANY YOUNG THINGS WERE SENT THROUGH THE PEARLY GATES IN BLISSFUL BUT TERMINAL **ECSTASY**! COMELY YOUNG CREATURES QUICKLY LEARNED TO AVOID THE NOXIOUS MALE! AND THERE WERE MANY WHO SWORE OATHS TO **CELIBACY**!





THEN THERE WERE THOSE WHO WERE AFFECTED BY THE RADIATION IN OTHER WAYS! INSTEAD OF BECOMING MINIATURE BOMBS, THERE WERE SURVIVORS WHOSE GLANDS **SWELLED** RENDERING REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS VEHEMENTLY **OVERSIZED**!



YET, THESE FORTUNATE (OR UNFORTUNATE, DEPENDING ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW) FEW, SOON DISCOVERED THAT ONE PORTION OF THE ANATOMY COULD NOT **GROW** WITHOUT ANOTHER **GIVING** SOME IN SIZE!

BRAINS BEGAN TO SHRINK EVEN AS **GENITALIA** SWELLED, THE RESULT WAS A DULL WITTED MUTANT WITH BUT ONE UNQUENCHABLE **DESIRE**...



YOU...! YOU ARE DEATH KING'S DAUGHTER...?

OH! I... I AM! BUT... BUT WHO ARE YOU?

**YEARS** PASSED, AND EVENTUALLY MEMBERS OF BOTH GROUPS Banded TOGETHER IN **TRIBES**. THE DULL-WITTED NEANDERTHAL "**HUNGS**," FOUND REFUGE IN CAVES AND FORESTS, WHILE THE MORE INTELLIGENT BUT SEXUALLY DEADLY "**GLOWS**" SEQUESTERED THEMSELVES IN FORTRESS-LIKE CITIES...



I THORD... OF PEOPLE YOU CALL HUNG!

FORGIVE FIST IN FACE! IS WAY TO MAKE GIRL QUIET!

THE FEW **WOMEN** WHO REMAINED, NATURALLY GRAVITATED TO THE DULL-WITTED "**HUNGS**!"



NOT ONLY WAS IT SAFER, BUT IT OFTEN PROVED MORE SEXUALLY **FULLFILLING**!



THE WAR, OF COURSE WAS INEVITABLE! THE "GLOWS" HAD NO WOMEN AND WERE SLOWLY DYING OUT. THEY COULDN'T REPRODUCE BECAUSE NO WOMAN COULD **SURVIVE** TO CARRY THEIR SEED

BUT CHILDREN OR NOT... THE DOOMED DEATH-BRINGERS HAD THEIR **NEEDS**! LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES THEY WOULD HAVE RENDERED THE FAIRER SEX **EXTINCT**...!

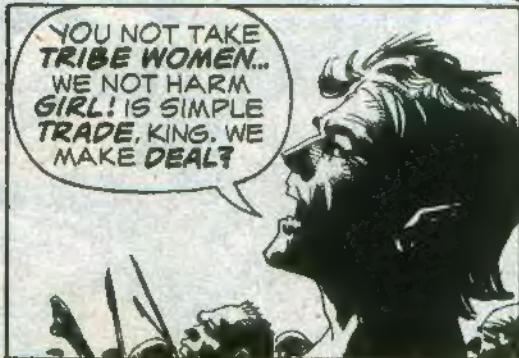


WE NEED TALK TO KING! TELL HIM **DAUGHTER** LIKE TO SAY HELLO!

YOU ELEPHANT-BALLED BARBARIAN! YOU SO MUCH AS TOUCH HER AGAIN... AND I'LL SEE YOUR SAUSAGE SERVED ON A BED OF LETTUCE!



YOU NOT TAKE **TRIBE WOMEN**... WE NOT HARM **GIRL**! IS SIMPLE **TRADE**, KING. WE MAKE **DEAL**?



TELL HIM SHE VERY **TIRE**! HAVE **BUSY** TIME LAST NIGHT! DO NOOKY WITH **MANY HUNGS**, NOT LIKE PREVERT **GLOWS**... DO NOOK **ONE** TIME THEN... **BOOM**!



YOU **CAN'T** MAKE A DEAL LIKE THAT, SIRE! WHAT'LL OUR MEN DO FOR **WOMEN**?

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO... I DON'T WANT MY **DAUGHTER** HARMED!

BUT... BUT, LIEGE! SHE ISN'T EVEN YOUR **DAUGHTER**! YOU **FOUND** HER WHEN SHE WAS A **BABY**, IN THE **RUINS**...!

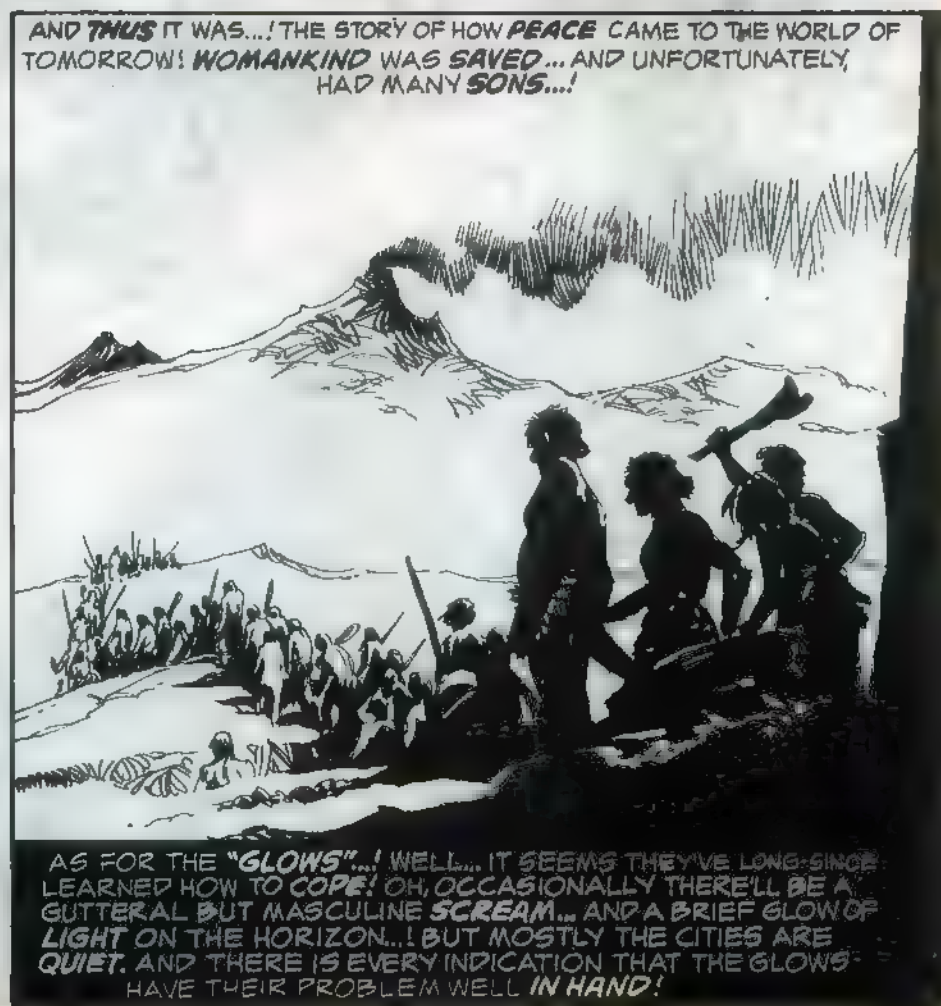
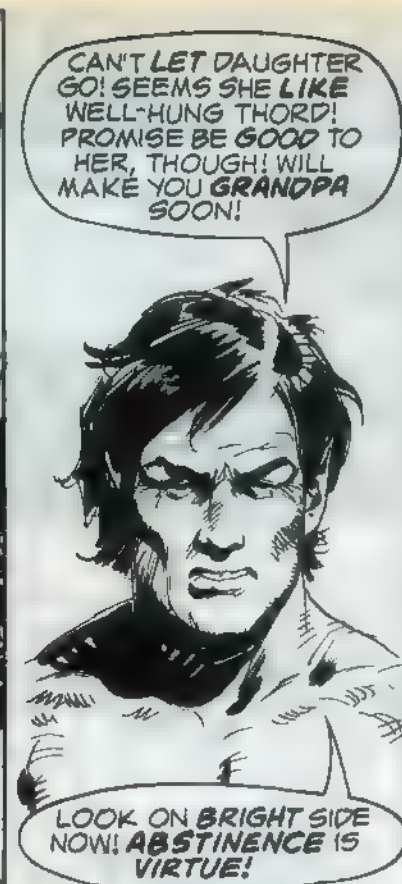
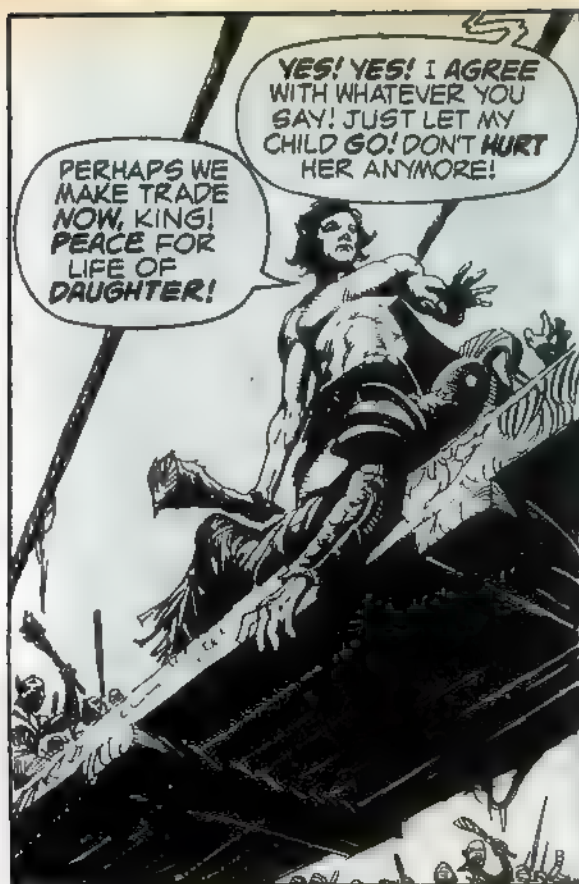


NONETHELESS, SHE IS ONE OF **US** NOW! AND IT'S UP TO **YOU**, WARLORD, TO **SAVE** HER!







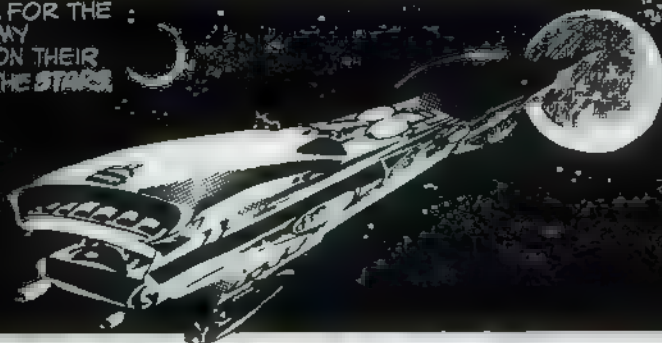




I AM A **STARSHIP**. I HAVE EXISTED THROUGH MUCH. ALL THAT I AM, ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN, LIES DEEP WITHIN THE MEMORY BANKS OF MY COMPUTERIZED GUIDANCE SYSTEM.

I WAS THE **FIRST** TO REACH FOR THE GALAXIES, TO TRANSPORT MY PRECIOUS HUMAN CARGO ON THEIR GLORIOUS EXPEDITION TO THE **STARS**.

NOW... I AM THE **LAST** MAN-MADE VESSEL TO HURL THROUGH THE UNIVERSE. I AM ALL THAT **REMAINS** OF A ONCE-PROUD AND PROMISING MANKIND.



MUCH HAS **HAPPENED** SINCE THOSE EARLY VOYAGES. I HAVE WITNESSED A THOUSAND **MIRACLES**. I HAVE ENCOUNTERED CIVILIZATIONS THE LIKE OF WHICH MY CREATORS COULD NEVER HAVE **DREAMED**. AND I HAVE SEEN THE WONDEROUS **SPARK** THAT WAS **MANKIND**. SPUTTER AND **DIE** A TERRIBLE, TORMENTING **DEATH**!

# SCOURGE OF THE SPACEWAY





MANKIND WAS ALWAYS A BOISTEROUS, ROWDY RACE. MEN LONG CONSIDERED THEMSELVES THE MOST **UNIQUE** CREATURES IN ALL THE UNIVERSE.

LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE HOW **ACCURATE**, HOW TRULY **PROPHETIC** THEIR MAMMOTH EGOS WERE.

AND YET...IT WAS NOT MAN WHO WAS **UNIQUE** IN HIS NATURE. IT WAS...**WOMAN!**

IN THOSE EARLY DAYS OF EXPLORATION, THERE WAS MUCH DEBATE, MUCH CONCERN FOR THE SAFETY OF **WOMEN** IN **SPACE**.

MANY BELIEVED THE **GALAXIES** FAR TOO **DANGEROUS** FOR THE FAIRER SEX.



THERE WERE THOSE WHO FELT THE UNKNOWN FRONTIERS OF THE UNIVERSE WERE BEST TAMED BY HALE AND HEARTY **MASCULINE** SOULS ALONE.



YET, IN THE END, **WOMEN** AS ALWAYS **WON OUT**. THEY TOOK THEIR PLACES **ALONGSIDE** THEIR HEARTIER COUNTERPARTS.

IT WAS FROM WITHIN THE SAFETY OF MY HALLOWED SHELL THAT THE FIRST **WOMAN** WAS PROPELLED TOWARDS THE LUSH MYSTERIES OF THE COSMOS.

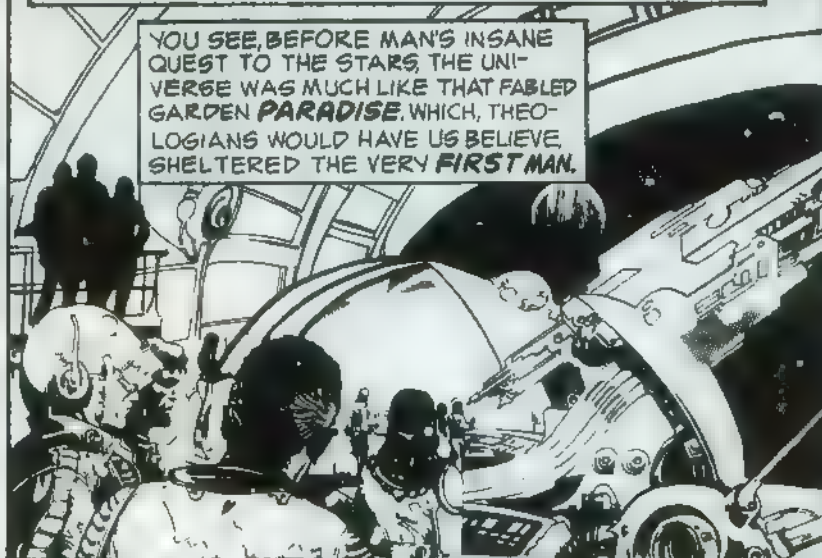
IT IS I WHO AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THE **CONTAMINATION** OF A UNIVERSE!

OH, THERE YET EXIST THOSE WHO DO NOT BLAME **ME** FOR THAT WHICH TRANSPIRED UPON **WOMAN'S** ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS!



BUT THOSE ASSURANT HISTORIANS TEND TO BE **PHILOSOPHICAL**, ALMOST **RELIGIOUS**, IN THEIR OUTLOOK. THEY PLACE THE BLAME FOR WHAT OCCURRED ON THE IDEALOGICAL **SUPREME BEING**, WHO THEY CLAIM CREATED **WOMAN** IN A MAD MOMENT OF **MIRTH!**

YOU SEE, BEFORE **MAN'S** INSANE QUEST TO THE STARS, THE UNIVERSE WAS MUCH LIKE THAT FABLED GARDEN **PARADISE**. WHICH, THEOLOGICIANS WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE, SHELTERED THE VERY **FIRST MAN**.



BUT THEN, THE GREAT PROVIDER GIFTED THAT INITIAL TRUSTING SOUL WITH THE VERY FIRST **WOMAN**. AND THE CONTENTMENT OF **MAN'S** DOMAIN WAS **SHATTERED** FOR ALL TIME!

TRUE, **MAN** TRADED HIS CAREFREE HAPPINESS FOR CERTAIN **PHYSICAL** REMUNERATIONS. BUT IN THE END I WONDER IF MEN DIDN'T COME TO CONSIDER THAT ONE-SIDED BARTER AS AKIN TO PURCHASING MANHATTAN ISLAND FOR A HANDFUL OF **BEADS!**



VENTURING INTO THE GARDENS OF **SPACE**, MANKIND EXPECTED TO ENCOUNTER ALIEN WORLDS HOUSING CIVILIZATIONS UNLIKE ANY CONCEIVED IN ITS WILDEST IMAGININGS. WHAT HUMANITY **DIDN'T** COUNT ON, HOWEVER, WAS THAT THOSE CIVILIZATIONS... **EVERY** LAST ONE OF THEM...WERE COMPRISED OF PARTHENOGENIC...**SINGLE-SEXED** RACES.

YOU SEE...THERE WERE SIMPLY **NO FEMALES** ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE...EXCEPT ON **EARTH!**

AND WHEN THAT VERY FIRST **WOMAN** EXPOSED HERSELF TO THE STARS...**ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!**



THE FIRST EXTRATERRESTIAL LIFE MANKIND ENCOUNTERED WAS ON THE SECOND PLANET OF THE STAR SUN ALPHA CENTAURI.

THE PLANET WAS LUSH WITH COLOR, UNIQUE, EXCITING AND SPLENDID. IT WAS EDEN REBORN! A STAR-CHASER'S DREAM!

THE FIRST INKLING OF LIFE CAME WHEN THE SCOUT CREW, WHICH CONSISTED OF A BOTANIST, A GEOLOGIST, A SCIENCE OFFICER, THE CAPTAIN AND THE TOKEN FEMALE, STUMBLED UPON A MAMMOTH STATUE OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE A NOBLE ALIEN CARVED FROM THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN.

THE SECOND INKLING CAME SHORTLY THEREAFTER... WHEN AN ALIEN OF NOT-SO-NOBLE VISAGE POUNCED FROM ITS RESTING PLACE IN THE BASE OF THAT MOUNTAIN, ATTACKING THE UNSUSPECTING PARTY.

WHEN THE CREATURE WHISKED UP THE LONE GIRL IN THE GROUP IT WAS IMMEDIATELY ASSUMED BY ALL PRESENT THAT ITS INTENTIONS WERE MALEVOLENT!

ANCIENT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PREHISTORIC SCIENCE FICTION PULPS SPRANG INTO THE MEN'S MINDS. THEY ENVISIONED NASTY, SLIMY, CARNIVEROUS BEASTS DROOLING PUTRID GREEN SLIME ONTO THE NAKED FLESH OF SOME FAIR BEAUTY AS IT CONTEMPLATED UNSPEAKABLY LUSTFUL DEEDS.

THE BILE OF CHIVALRY ROSE QUICKLY TO THE EXCITED SPACEMEN'S THROATS. RAY GUNS CRACKLED AND THE HEROIC MEN LEAPED BODILY INTO THE FRAY, BUT THE BEAST WAS TOO POWERFUL. IT REPELLED THE MEN WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A THOUGHT... AND DEVOTED ITS EVERY ATTENTION TO EXAMINING THE STRANGE BUT SUCCULENT FEMALE CREATURE IN MINUTEST DETAIL!

AFTER WHICH IT THEN COMMENCED WITH THE ABOVE-MENTIONED UNSPEAKABLE ACTS!

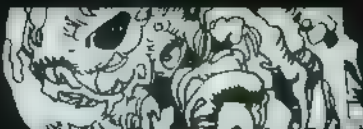


IT WAS DEDUCED LATER, OF COURSE, THAT THE ALIEN BEAST WAS A RAVING HETERO. TRAPPED IN THE BODY OF A PARTHENOGENIC MONSTER. EVENTUALLY, THE BEAST WAS **RESTRAINED** AND THE GIRL RESCUED, ALBEIT SOMEWHAT **RELUCTANTLY**. I'LL WAGER, HOWEVER, THAT THE POOR CREATURE, HAVING SAMPLED THOSE FIRST WOEFUL TASTES OF FEMININE DELIGHT, WAS NEVER AGAIN THE SAME.

LITTLE DID MANKIND REALIZE IN THOSE EARLY DAYS OF EXPLORATION THAT THEY WOULD ENCOUNTER SPECIES AFTER SPECIES OF **UNI-SEX** LIFE. MEN IN THEIR NAVES HAD NO INKLING THEN THAT A **FEMALE** VARIATION OF ANY SPECIES WAS A **PHENOMENON** UNIQUE TO **EARTH** ALONE.

THEY DID BEGIN TO SUSPECT SOMETHING AMISS, HOWEVER, WHEN WITH EACH NEW EXTRATERRESTRIAL ENCOUNTER, THE ALIEN ENTITIES TOOK PARTICULAR INTEREST IN OUR **FEMININE** "SPACEMEN."

THE **BLIND** MEMBRANE MEN OF MANGO IV, FOR EXAMPLE, SECRETED MUCOUS-LIKE FLUIDS WHEN MERELY IN THE PRESENCE OF HUMAN FEMALES.



WHAT THEY DID UPON **TOUCHING** A WOMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME, CANNOT BE RELEGATED TO THE SENSITIVE TAPES OF A FAMILY STARSHIP.



THEN THERE WERE THE WATERMEN OF AGUA II. AT FIRST, THE MALE MEMBERS OF THE SCOUTSHIP LANDING THERE, BELIEVED THE WATER WORLD TOTALLY **DEVOID** OF INTELLIGENT LIFE.

NO ONE GAVE THE PLANET A SECOND THOUGHT UNTIL ONE ASTUTE OBSERVER NOTED THE FEMALE CREW MEMBERS SPENDING MORE TIME THAN SEEMED NATURAL WITHIN THE ALIEN **WATERS**.

THE CREW MEN WERE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE SHEER BLISSFUL EXPRESSIONS OF SPENT ECSTASY BEAMING FROM THE FACES OF THEIR FEMALE COUNTERPARTS, UNTIL ONE UTTERLY EXHAUSTED GIRL CONFESSED **ALL!**



SHE REVEALED IN RAWEST DETAIL THE INCONCEIVABLE **MATING** RITUALS OF THE INVISIBLE WATER MEN, WHO COULD OOOZE THEIR WAY SNUGLY INTO THE TINIEST OF CREVICES!

THEN THERE WERE THE ANT MEN OF LARVA III. THERE WAS NOT A ONE OF THEM MORE THAN **SIX INCHES** LONG, BUT THE FIRST TIME THEY LAID EYES ON A **WOMAN**, THE BEGGARS SPIRITED HER AWAY AND CROWNED HER "QUEEN FOR A DAY!"

EXACTLY WHAT TRANSPIRED WITHIN THE HIVE OF THE VORACIOUS ANT MEN, THE SPENT SPACE CHILD NEVER REVEALED BEFORE SHE WENT **AWOL** FROM HER SPACE CRUISER SHE KEPT GIGGLING OVER AND OVER... "LOVE THOSE LITTLE STINGERS!"



IT WASN'T UNTIL WORD CIRCULATED ABOUT THE PROBOSCIS MEN OF NOZZLEY, HOWEVER, THAT MANKIND BEGAN TO **REALIZE** THE **AWFUL TRUTH!**

THE **PROBOSCIS** PEOPLE WERE A RACE OF **BLIND** CREATURES WITH A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSE OF SMELL. THEY SEEMED TO **SMIFF** THE MUSKY PRESENCE OF A WOMAN THE MOMENT THE FIRST ONE ENTERED THEIR SOLAR SYSTEM. ALTHOUGH SIGHTLESS, THE CREATURES POSSESSED AN UNCANNY **INSTINCT** FOR THE PURPOSEFUL **USES** OF THE FEMALE ANATOMY.

THEY, TOO, KIDNAPPED AN ALMOST TOO-WILLING SPACE GIRL, AND IN NO TIME AT ALL HAD THE POOR CHILD WORN TO A WEAK **FRAGMENT** OF HER FORMER SELF.

A BOLD SCIENTIST DARED TO HYPOTHESIZE AT THAT POINT THAT THE LARGE NUMBER OF PARTHENOGENIC CIVILIZATIONS ENCOUNTERED THUS FAR IN MAN'S BLIND CLIMB TO THE STARS, INDICATED A **TOTALLY UNI-SEXED** UNIVERSE!



THE AWESOME FACT THAT **NOWHERE** WAS A **FEMALE** IN ANY SPECIES TO BE FOUND, EXCEPT ON EARTH, HE SPECULATED INDICATED A PROFOUND SENSE OF HUMOR ON THE PART OF THE UNIVERSE'S **CREATOR!** AND OUR TERRAN BROTHERS, UNFORTUNATELY WERE THE **BRUNT** OF THE JOKE!



AFTER THAT FIRST BOLD THEOREM, SCIENTISTS WERE ENCOURAGED TO VENTURE **OTHER** SPECULATIONS... EQUALLY AS DARING.

THE HIGH PERCENTILE OF **SIGHTLESS** RACES, ONE RECKLESSLY THEORIZED BORE SOME EVIDENCE THAT THERE WAS **TRUTH** IN THAT ANCIENT EARTH ADAGE LONG-USED BY MOTHERS TO DISCOURAGE THEIR MALE OFFSPRING FROM SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE SELF-ABUSE!

AND YET, AS CAN BE EXPECTED, ONCE WORD LEAKED OUT THAT THE WOMEN OF EARTH WERE THE **ONLY** FEMALE CREATURES IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE, THERE WERE FAR **GRAVER** PROBLEMS THAN THOSE POSED BY SPECULATIVE SCIENTISTS.

THE **SIGHTLESS** JUNK MEN OF CORRODE IV, FOR EXAMPLE, **DEMANDED** THAT AN EQUAL QUOTA OF WOMAN BE DIVIDED AMONG ALL THE INHABITED PLANETS OF THE COSMOS.



THE DEMANDS, OF COURSE, WERE TOTALLY **UNREASONABLE** FOR EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO SHIP ONE OF EARTH'S TEN BILLION ODD FEMALES TO **EACH** OF THE APPROXIMATELY TEN **TRILLION** INHABITED STARS, THE RATIO OF WOMEN TO EXTRATERRESTRIALS WOULD PRECLUDE ANY **FUNCTIONAL** ADVANTAGE WHATSOEVER!

AND YET, **OTHER** RACES ECHOED THE IMPOSSIBLE CRY VOICED BY THE OUTRAGED JUNK MEN!



AND BECAUSE THE **DEMANDS** FOR EARTH'S GREATEST RESOURCE FAR EXCEEDED THE AVAILABLE **SUPPLY**, THE ONCE-PEACEFUL UNIVERSE WAS, WITHIN A MONTH, HURLED INTO A FULL-SCALE **CATAclysmic... WAR!**



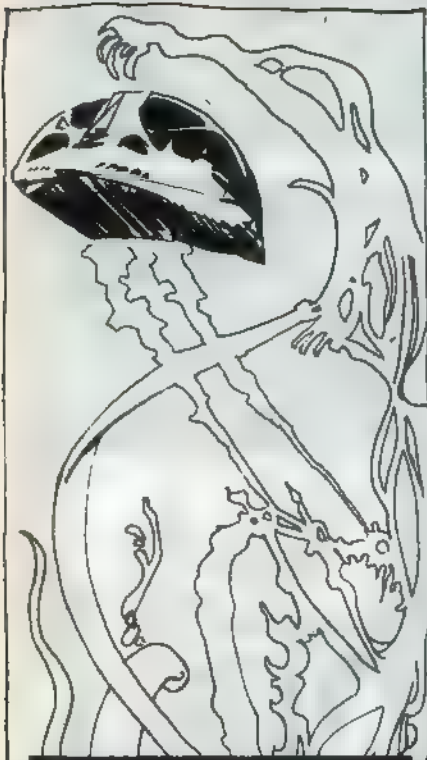
EVERYWHERE, ALIEN BATTLED HUMAN FOR POSSESSION OF THE CONSUMMATE PRIZE... **WOMAN**. NOWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE WAS THE FAIRER SEX TO BE SPARED THE GHASTLY INDIGNITIES THAT AWAITED HER AT THE LUSTING, SWEATING HANDS AND OR TENTACLES OF THOSE WHO DESIRED HER **SUCCESSFUL FLESH!**

THERE WERE THOSE WOMEN OF COURSE, WHO **SAVORED** EVERY DELIGHTFUL MOMENT. THE OBESE, THE SKINNY, THE PIMPLY, THE DEFORMED, BUT THERE WERE THOSE, TOO, WHO WERE EITHER TOO **OLD** OR TOO **WEARY** TO APPRECIATE THE DUBIOUS HONOR BEING HEAP-ED UPON THEM IN THE BOUDOIRS OF THE GALAXY.

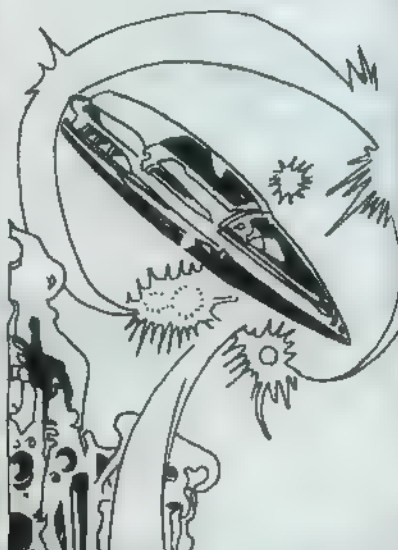
ALMOST EVERY WOMAN UNDER **EIGHTY** WAS FAIR GAME, THOSE **OVER EIGHTY** CURSED THEIR FATES DAILY.



BUT EVEN THOSE WOMEN SPIRITED-OFF BY THESE MERCINARY PROFITEERS, WERE NOT SAFE FROM THE INSATIABLE **SEXUAL APPETITES** OF **NEWLY-HETEROSEXUAL** ALIENS!



AS IN ALL WARS, THERE WAS THE MAMMOTH UNDERGROUND **BLACK MARKET** NETWORK WHICH VIRTUALLY SPRANG INTO EXISTENCE OVERNIGHT. IT DEALT IN ONLY **ONE** SOUGHT-AFTER COMMODITY AND WAS CONTROLLED BY PROFIT-HUNGRY MEN, WHO FOR THE MOST PART WERE ALL CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE **GAY LIBERATION FRONT!**



THERE WERE ALWAYS THOSE PHENOMINAL EXTRATERRESTRIALS WHO, ALTHOUGH **BLIND**, COULD VIRTUALLY **SMIFF** A WOMAN'S PRESENCE A DOZEN LIGHT YEARS AWAY!



MANY A **BLACK MARKET** VESSEL, AS WELL AS AUTHORIZED FEDERATION SPACECRAFT, WERE **ATOMIZED** AT THE HANDS OF THESE OVERLY-EXCITABLE BEINGS.



MANY **FEMALES** WERE LOST IN THOSE EARLIEST ALIEN ENCOUNTERS. BUT SUCH WERE THE CASUALTIES OF **WAR**... AND THE FATES OF THOSE **RESPONSIBLE** FOR THAT WAR!



ONCE THE WAR WAS IN FULL-SCALE ESCALATION, THERE WAS NATURALLY NO ALTERNATIVE FOR EARTH'S GALACTIC OFFICIALS BUT TO **RECALL** ALL SHIPS WITH FEMALE PERSONNEL **IMMEDIATELY**.

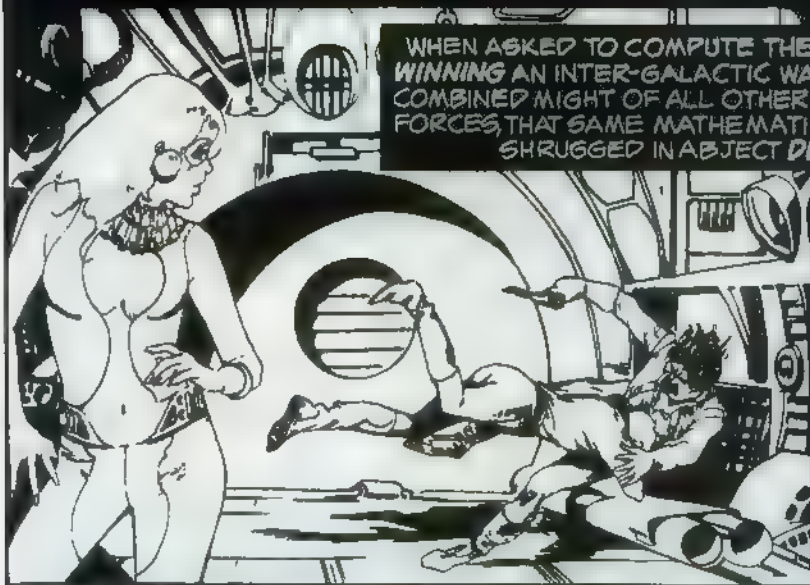
I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST OUT, AND CONSEQUENTLY ONE OF THE **FARTHEST** FROM HOME WHEN THE FIGHTING **BEGAN**.



WORD OF THE GALACTIC WAR FOR WOMANKIND WAS LATE IN REACHING MY OFFICERS AND CREW. YET, THE CONSEQUENCES WERE NO LESS DEVASTATING THAN TO COUNTLESS **OTHER** BATTLE-SCARRED WORLDS.

ALL WAS RELATIVELY PEACEFUL UNTIL ONE STARRY-EYED MATHEMATICIAN COMPUTED THE ACTUAL RATIO OF **WOMAN** TO **INTELLIGENT** INHABITANTS OF THE GALAXY. THE FIGURE WAS SOMETHING AKIN TO SIX TRILLION, FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY SEVEN BILLION... TO **ONE**!

WHEN ASKED TO COMPUTE THE **ODDS** OF **EARTH** WINNING AN INTER-GALACTIC WAR AGAINST THE COMBINED MIGHT OF ALL OTHER INTERPLANETARY FORCES, THAT SAME MATHEMATICIAN ONLY SHRUGGED IN ABJECT **DEFEAT**!



THE UTTER **FUTILITY** OF SUCH A WAR BECAME EVIDENT TO MY CREW IMMEDIATELY, AND THEY COMMENCED THEIR **OWN** BATTLE FOR THE AFFECTIONS OF THE LONE **FEMALE** INHABITING MY DECKS.

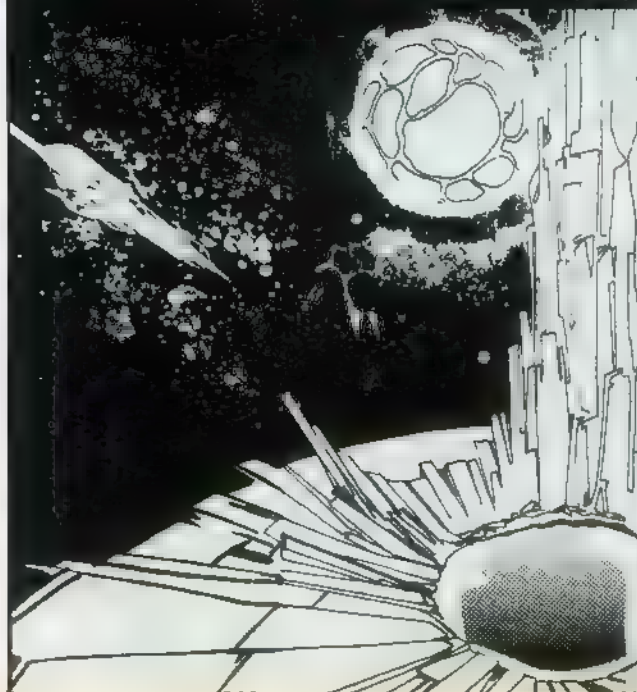
IT WAS A TERRIBLE SIGHT TO BEHOLD, MEN **EMBEDDING** MACHINERY IN THE SKULLS OF FELLOW MEN, LIMBS OF DEAD MEN UTILIZED TO **BLUDGEON** THEIR FELLOWS TO DEATH. **BLASTERS** **INCINERATING** ONCE-BOLD AND DARING MEN UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THEIR CHAKRED OUTLINE ON MY INNER HULL!



ONCE-RATIONAL HUMAN BEINGS WERE LIKE **ANIMALS** DESTROYING EACH OTHER SO THEY **ALONE** COULD CLAIM THE SEDUCTIVE, PERFUMED **PRIZE**!

AND WHEN THERE WAS BUT **ONE** MAN LEFT STANDING, THAT LONE, EXHAUSTED **BEATEN** INDIVIDUAL, HIMSELF EMBRACING DEATH, REACHED LECHEROUSLY FOR HIS BEAUTY, AND MANAGED ONLY A VERY FAINT TWINKLE IN HIS EYE BEFORE COLLAPSING **DEAD AWAY**!

IT WAS AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, WITH NO ONE TO MAN MY MISGUIDED CONTROLS, THAT I BEGAN CAREENING TOWARDS CERTAIN **DEVASTATION**... STRAIGHT FOR A GARGANTUAN PLANET DEAD IN MY PATH!



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE QUICK-THINKING OF THE GIANT **INO** MEN INHABITING THAT PLANET, I WOULD DOUBTLESSLY BE AN INTEGRAL BUT IN-DECORATE PART OF THEIR TERRAIN.

THE BENEVOLENT ALIENS, UTILIZING THEIR ADVANCED SCIENCES, GUIDED ME TO A LANDING DOCK AND MUCH WELCOMED **SAFETY**!



UNLIKE OTHER PARTHENOGENIC CREATURES, THE **INO** MEN WERE NOT, DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF MY TANTALIZING FEMALE CARGO, MOTIVATED IN THEIR ACTIONS BY OVERLY-ACTIVE MALE **GLANDS**.

INDEED, WHILE THE PHIL-ANTHROPIC CREATURES APPRECIATED BEAUTY AS MUCH AS THE NEXT FELLOW, THEY WERE FAR TOO **HUGE** TO SUCCUMB TO THE SEDUCTIVE SPELL OF WOMANKIND.

EVEN THE MUCH SMALLER **INFANT INO** MEN WERE FAR TOO **MAMMOTH** TO BE ACCOMMODATED BY A MERE **GIRL**!





PERHAPS IT WAS GOD'S WAY OF SMILING UPON THE INO MEN. FOR IT WAS THEY ALONE, UNABLE TO TOUCH THE ACCURSED **SCOURGE OF THE STARS**, AS WOMEN CAME TO BE KNOWN, WHO WERE SPARED THE EVENTUAL **SUFFERING** BROUGHT ABOUT BY THEIR BITTERSWEET PRESENCE!



THE INTER-GALACTIC WAR FOR WOMEN HAD BEEN RAGING A FULL SIX MONTHS WHEN THE INTER-GALACTIC **PLAGUE** BROKE OUT.



AT FIRST, IT WAS THOUGHT THAT THE ABUNDANCE OF DECAYING **CORPSES** THROUGHOUT THE COSMOS TRIGGERED THE OUT-BREAK OF **PLAGUE**.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, HOWEVER, FOR QUICK-WITTED SCIENTISTS TO DISCOVER THAT THE **PLAGUE** WAS RAMPANT **NOT** IN THE BLOOD-DRENCHED, WAR-TORN BATTLE-ZONES...

...INSTEAD THE DREAD DISEASE PROLIFERATED IN THOSE AREAS WITH THE HIGHEST CONCENTRATION OF... **WOMEN!**

FURTHER, THE **PLAGUE** STARTED **NOT** IN THE USUAL MANNER WITH **BLOATED BELLIES** AND HEALTHY **VOMITING**... BUT BEGAN IN THOSE CERTAIN LOCATIONS OF THE MASCULINE ANATOMY LONG-RESERVED FOR THE MOST **PRIVATE** AND **PRIVILEGED** BODY FUNCTIONS.

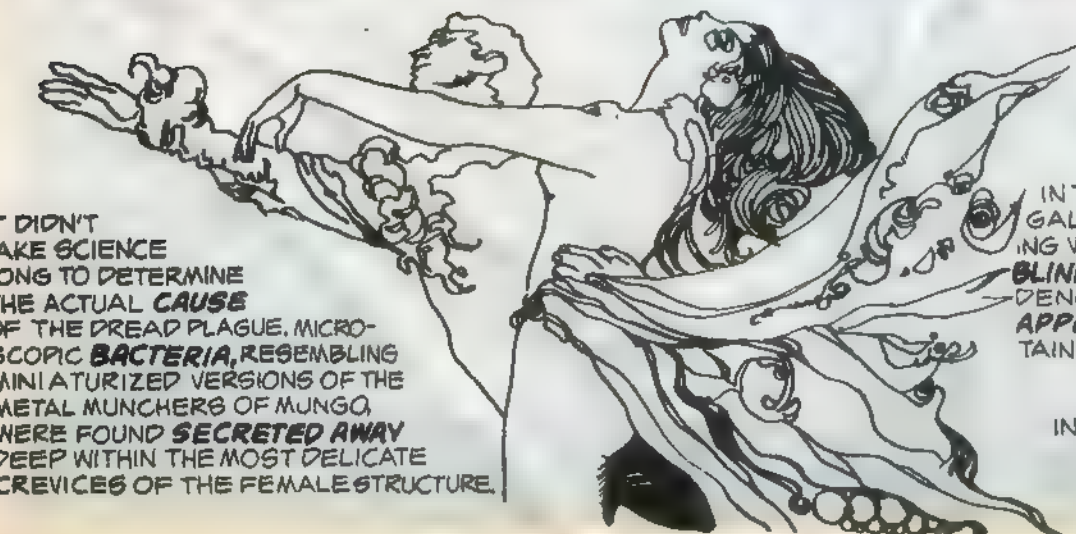


NO MATTER WHICH RACE THE **PLAGUE** STRUCK DOWN, THE SYMPTOMS WERE INVARIABLY THE SAME. FIRST CAME THE HORRIBLE, MUSKY, DEHUMANIZING **STENCH**, EMANATING FROM THE MIDDLE TO LOWER REGIONS OF THE ANATOMY. THEN... **DECAY** SET IN... AND THE HELPLESSNESS OF HAVING TO WATCH AS SELECT PORTIONS OF THE ANATOMICAL FORM SLOWLY **ROTTED AWAY!**

THEN... THEN WOULD COME THE MOST **TERRIFYING** MOMENT OF ALL... WHEN THAT PORTION OF THE MALE FORM WOULD **DROP OFF**, LEAVING ITS VICTIM A WRETCHED, EMASCULATED **FRAGMENT** OF HIS FORMER SELF!

THOSE BACTERIA, LIKE TINY MILITIA-MEN, ACTING AS EARTH'S **FINAL DEFENSE**, ATTACKED AND **DESTROYED** ANY AND ALL ALIEN OBJECTS VIOLATING THE SACRED HONOR OF EARTHLING WOMEN!

IT DIDN'T TAKE SCIENCE LONG TO DETERMINE THE ACTUAL **CAUSE** OF THE DREAD **PLAGUE**. MICROSCOPIC **BACTERIA**, RESEMBLING MINIA TURIZED VERSIONS OF THE METAL MUNCHERS OF MUNGO, WERE FOUND **SECRETED AWAY** DEEP WITHIN THE MOST DELICATE CREVICES OF THE FEMALE STRUCTURE.



IN THE SPAN OF ONE SHORT MONTH, INTER-GALACTIC OFFICIALS WHO HAD BEEN HAILING WOMEN AS THE GREATEST CURE FOR **BLINDNESS** THIS SIDE OF JESUS CHRIST, NOW DENOUNCED THE FAIRER SEX AS THE **ROTTEN APPLE**... THE VENEMOUS **SERPENT**... THE TAINTED **EVE** SENT TO DESTROY THEIR **EDEN!**

IN ESSENCE... COURTING THE UNPURE FEMALE, THEY CLAIMED, WAS LIKE BEING LED TO THE ALTAR OF **DEATH!**



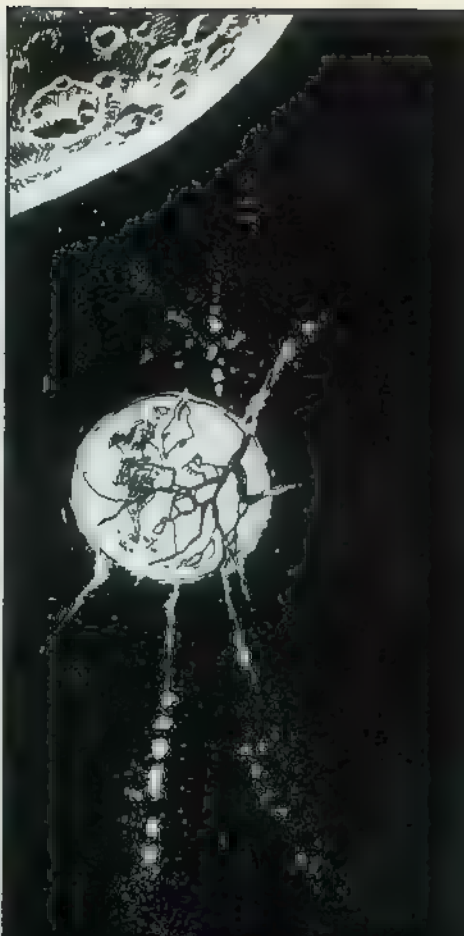


OF COURSE, BY THE TIME THE QUICK-ACTING SCIENTISTS SENT NEWS OF THEIR DISCOVERY THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE, THE HORRIBLE 'MUNCHING CRAB PLAGUE' AS IT WAS CHRISTENED, HAD ALREADY DESTROYED MORE WORLDS THAN THE AVERAGE BLACK HOLE DECIMATES IN A MILLENIUM.



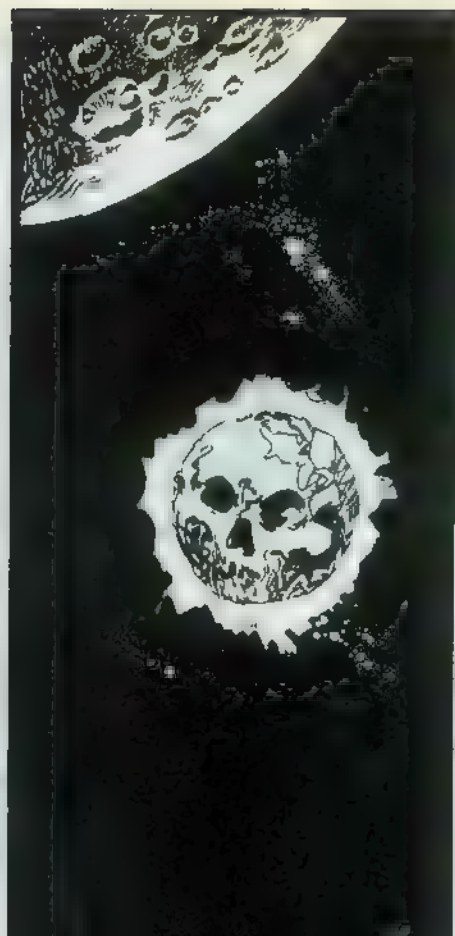
NEEDLESS TO SAY, A **TRUCE** WAS CALLED WHICH ENDED ALL ARMED CONFLICT AND BROUGHT A SWIFT **END** TO THAT FIRST BLOODY INTER-GALACTIC WAR.

NO CREATURE OF **ANY** PLANET WAS ANXIOUS TO CAVORT WITH THE DEADLY FEMALES OF EARTH. SO, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE REASON FOR HOSTILITIES **CEASED**.



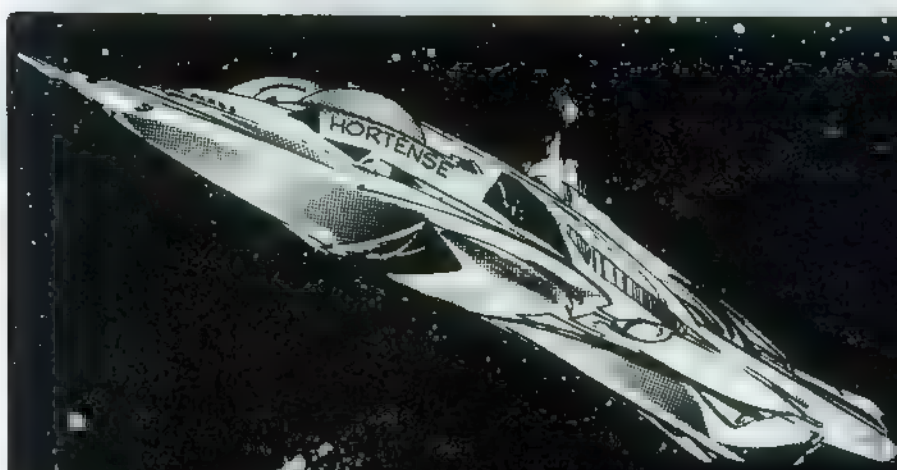
OF COURSE, THE OLD EARTH HADN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE THAT WAR. WHAT'S **LEFT** OF ITS NEAR-LIFELESS, BODY-STREWN BATTLE GROUND IS ALMOST TOTALLY INCAPABLE OF SUPPORTING **INTELLIGENT LIFE**.

OH, THERE'S A COUPLE OF MILLION **PEOPLE** OR SO ON IT. **HALF** OF WHICH ARE **FEMALE**. BUT ALMOST DAILY YOU'LL HEAR A HORRENDOUS STOMACH-CHURNING **SCREAM**. THEN THERE IS AN AWESOME SILENCE... BEFORE THE HEARTBREAKING SOUND OF A DECAYING PIECE OF **MANHOOD** CAN BE HEARD **THUDDING** TO THE GROUND!



YOU SEE, THE HORRIBLE COSMIC PLAGUE AFFECTED NOT ONLY **ALIEN** LIFE. THOSE MALICIOUS MUNCHING BUGS SAW **MALE** MANKIND AS FAIR GAME, AS WELL.

EARTH'S CONSIDERED A **DEATH-WORLD** NOW. STAR-CHARTING RACES **AVOID** THAT SECTOR OF SPACE AT ALL COSTS.



FOR THE ROMANTICISTS OF THE GALAXY, THE BITTERSWEET MEMORIES OF SUCCULENT FEMININE FLESH **LINGER ON**. BUT ALL RACES MUST LIVE WITH THE TERRIBLE REALITY THAT NEVER AGAIN WILL THEY PARTAKE IN THE ECSTATIC HETEROSEXUAL PLEASURES THAT FOR A BRIEF TIME, MADE A **HEAVEN** OF THE HEAVENS!

THE MOST PLEASANT FACT, I IMAGINE, IS THAT THE UNIVERSE IS AGAIN AT **PEACE**... A BEAUTIFUL, PURE **GARDEN** WITH NO WOMEN TO TAINT ITS UNPARALLELED LOVELINESS.

OH SURE... YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT AN OCCASIONAL SCREAMING **SUICIDE MISSION** TO EARTH, WHERE SOME CRAZED ALIEN WITH A **DEATH** WISH WANTS ONLY TO GO OUT WITH A **SMILE** ON HIS FACE!

AND THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO COMPLAIN THAT SINCE THE WOMEN HAVE GONE, INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE COSMOS IS AGAIN **GOING BLIND**!

BUT SOMEHOW... IT SEEMS MORE **NATURAL** THIS WAY. **ONE SEX... FOR ONE UNIVERSE**.

I ONLY WISH THOSE DAMNED EARTHMEN WOULD'VE CHRISTENED ME WITH A MORE **MASCULINE-SOUNDING NAME**!



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, BUNKY?  
LIFE GOT YOU  
DOWN?

IS THE LITTLE  
WOMAN **SAGGING**  
IN ALL THE RIGHT  
PLACES AND  
**BULGING** IN ALL  
THE **WRONG** ONES?

DOES THAT HUM-  
DRUM, NOWHERE **JOB**  
HAVE YOU **CRYING**  
YOURSELF TO SLEEP  
NIGHTS?

IF LIFE IS SLOWLY  
**EATING** AT YOUR **SANITY**,  
YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW...  
**WE HAVE THE ANSWER!**

ARE THE  
BILL COLLECTORS  
**MAIMING** EACH  
OTHER IN THEIR  
MAD RUSH TO  
BE **FIRST** AT  
YOUR DOOR?

**ACT NOW...** AND  
YOUR PROBLEMS WILL  
SOON BE **OVER**, WITH  
THE...

# ...SURE-FIRE- QUICK-CARNAGE SELF-DECIMATION KIT!

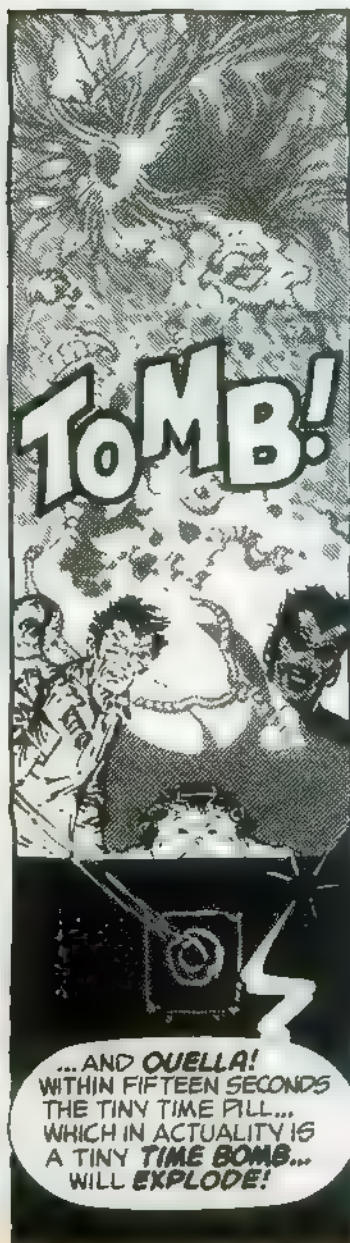
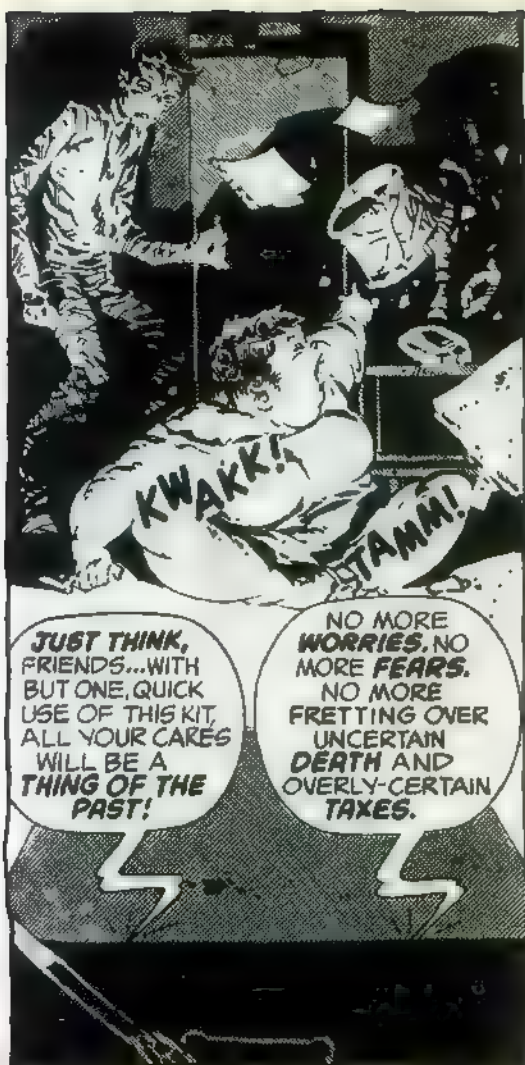
THIS LIMITED TIME  
OFFER HAS BEEN MADE  
POSSIBLE BY THE RECENT  
SUPREME COURT RULING  
STATING THAT ONCE AGAIN  
YOUR LIFE IS **YOUR OWN**...!  
YOU CAN FREELY **DO** UNTO  
YOURSELF AS YOU **PLEASE!**

FOR THE FIRST TIME  
ANYWHERE, IT IS POSSIBLE  
TO **END** YOUR OWN MISERABLE  
EXISTENCE WITHOUT VIOLATING  
UNCONSTITUTIONAL, MAN-  
MADE **LAWS!**

**NOW...** THANKS TO  
GOVERNMENT HINDSIGHT,  
YOU CAN BE THE **FIRST**,  
ON YOUR BLOCK TO HAVE  
A WORRY-FREE **SUICIDE!**

AND YOU CAN DO  
IT **ALL** WITH ONE OF  
OUR SPECIAL DO-IT  
YOURSELF **KITS!**







YES! NOW YOU CAN TAKE **DESTINY** OUT OF FATE'S FICKLE HANDS. **YOU ALONE** CAN DECIDE **HOW** AND **WHEN** YOU'LL GO!



WHY LEAVE YOUR DEMISE TO THE WHIM OF AN ILLITERATE LATINO **MUGGER**?

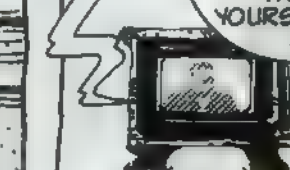


WHY BE MOWED DOWN IN YOUR PRIME BY THAT INEBRIATED IGNOBLE WHO FAILS TO STOP WHEN **YOU** HAVE THE RIGHT-OF-WAY?

WHY **LINGER** AT THE MERCY OF HOSPITALS, DOCTORS AND PILLS WHICH CAN KEEP YOU SUFFERING **INDEFINITELY**?

DIE IN **DIGNITY**! DIE WITH **FLAIR**! CHOOSE YOUR WAY OUT!

SELECT ONE OF OUR **SURE-FIRE, QUICK-CARNAGE, SELF-DECIMATION KITS**, RANGING IN PRICE FROM \$19.95 FOR THE EASY DO-IT-YOURSELF **BEGINNERS KIT...**

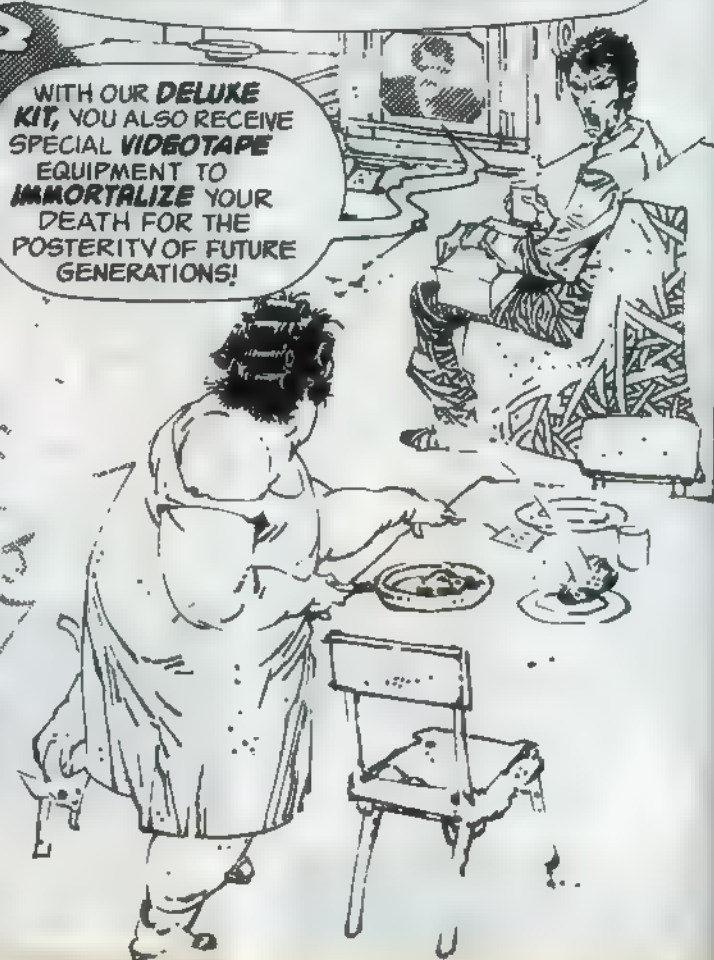


...TO OUR \$39.95.00 MORE ELABORATE "YOU ONLY GO ONCE" **DELUXE BOXED SET!**

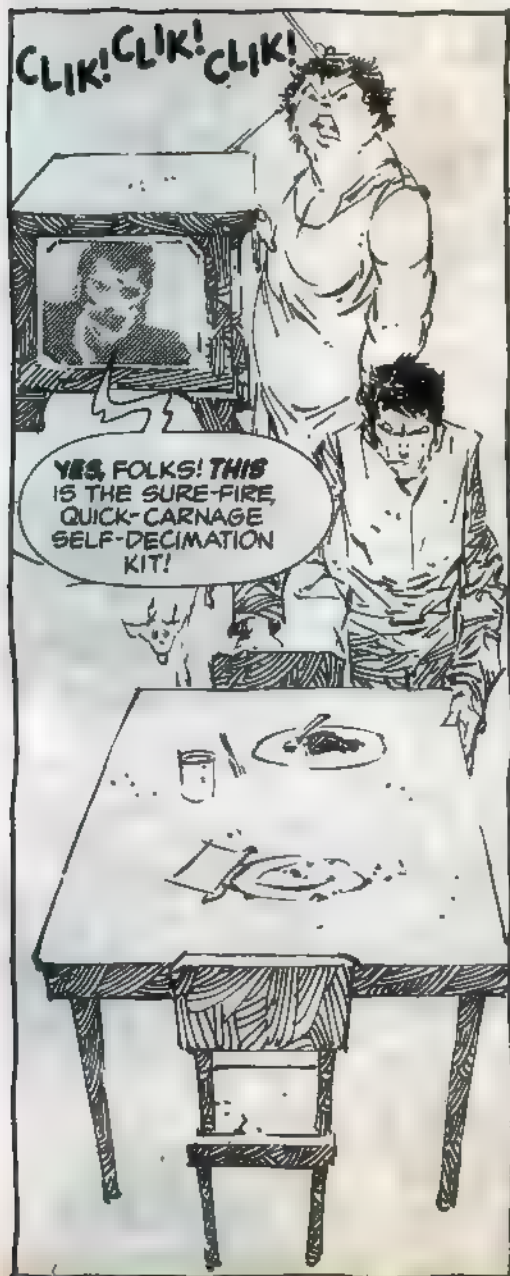
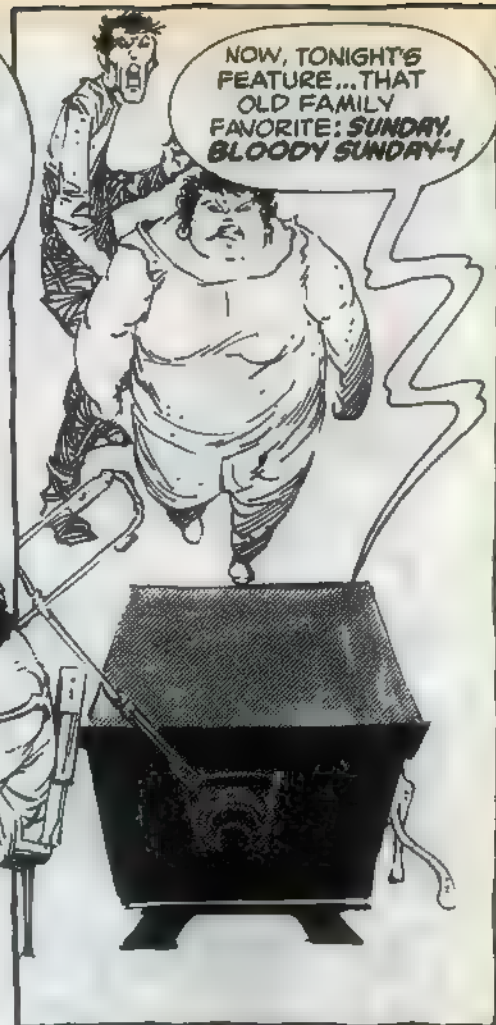
NO MATTER **WHICH** KIT YOU CHOOSE, YOU'LL RECEIVE THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT TO DO A THOROUGH, **COMPETENT** JOB!

EACH KIT COMES COMPLETE WITH:  
• FULL INSTRUCTION **MANUAL**  
• ONE SUPER COLOSSAL **PAIN-KILLER PILL** (TO MAKE YOUR PASSING A PLEASANT, SENSELESS AFFAIR) • **SYRINGE** AND **NEEDLE** FOR THAT ONE SHOT OF **ADRENALIN** YOU'LL NEED FOR AN EFFECTIVE PASSING. • HANDY DO-IT-YOURSELF READY-NOTARIZED **WILL** • AND A PREPARED, FILL-IN-THE-BLANKS **SUICIDE NOTE** FOR THOSE IN AN EXTRA-SPECIAL HURRY TO MEET THEIR MAKER!

WITH OUR **DELUXE KIT**, YOU ALSO RECEIVE SPECIAL **VIDEOTAPE** EQUIPMENT TO **IMMORTALIZE** YOUR DEATH FOR THE POSTERITY OF FUTURE GENERATIONS!



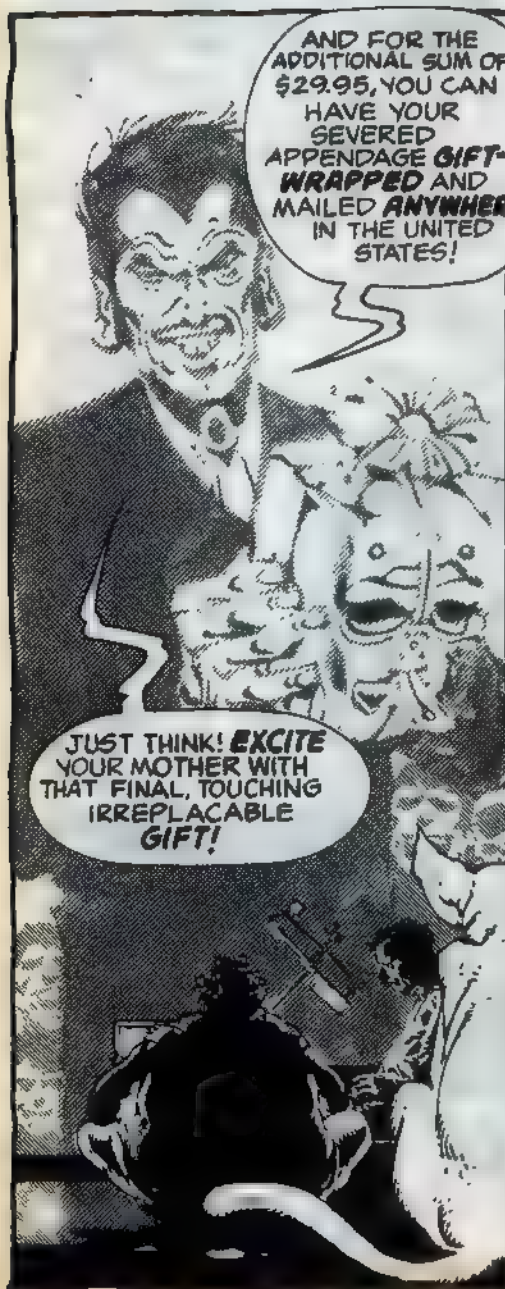
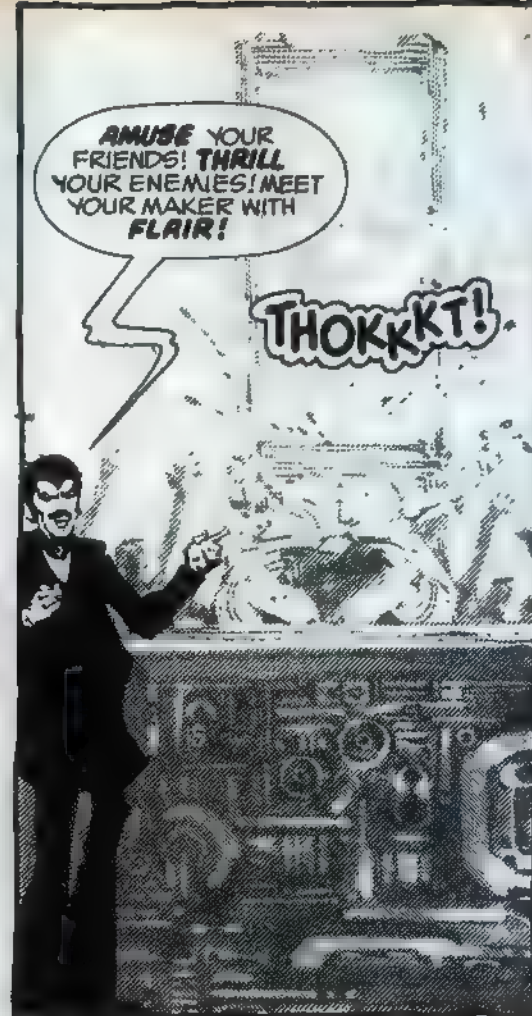
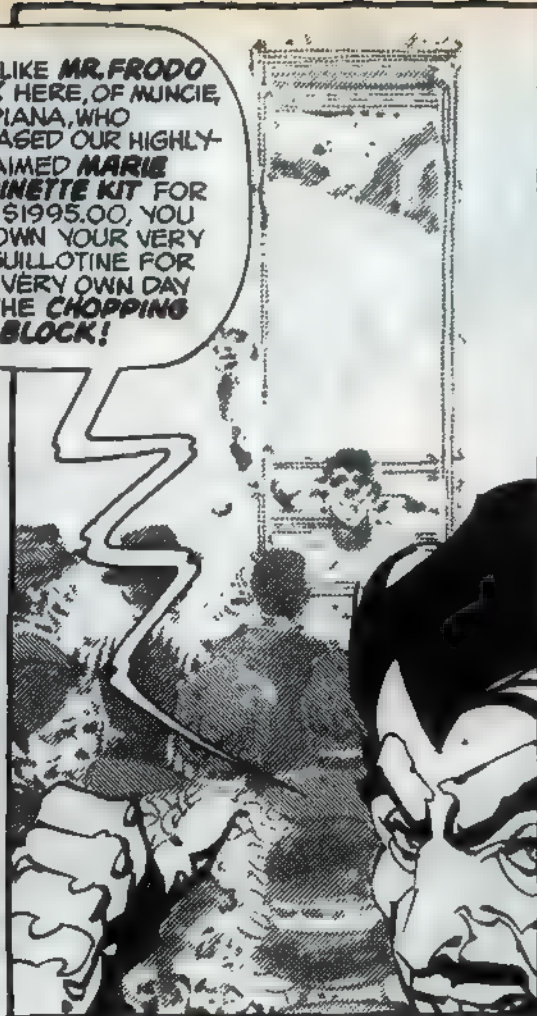








JUST LIKE MR. FRODO BROCK HERE, OF MUNCIE, INDIANA, WHO PURCHASED OUR HIGHLY-ACCLAIMED **MARIE ANTOINETTE KIT** FOR ONLY \$1995.00, YOU CAN OWN YOUR VERY OWN GUILLOTINE FOR YOUR VERY OWN DAY ON THE **CHOPPING BLOCK!**





YES, FOLKS, WITH OUR SPECIAL PAIN-KILLER AND ADRENALIN TAB, YOU TOO, CAN PERFORM MIRACLES WITH YOUR DEMISE!

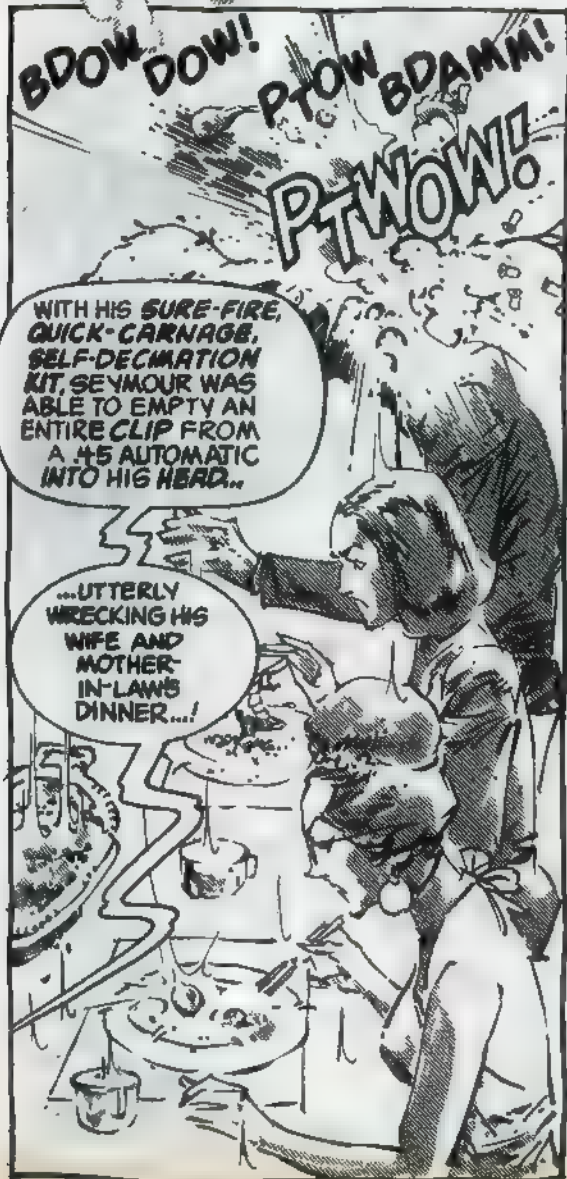
JUST LIKE SEYMOUR FUDGE OF ROANAKE, RAPIDS, IOWA, WHO PURCHASED OUR SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL KIT!



LIKE SO MANY AMERICANS, SEYMOUR WAS WEARY OF HIS HUMDRUM, MEANINGLESS LIFE. HE WAS WEARY OF HIS NEVER-ENDING BATTLE WITH HIS LIVE-IN MOTHER-IN-LAW, AND THE WIFE WHO WITH EACH PASSING DAY GREW MORE LIKE HER NAGGING PROGENITOR.



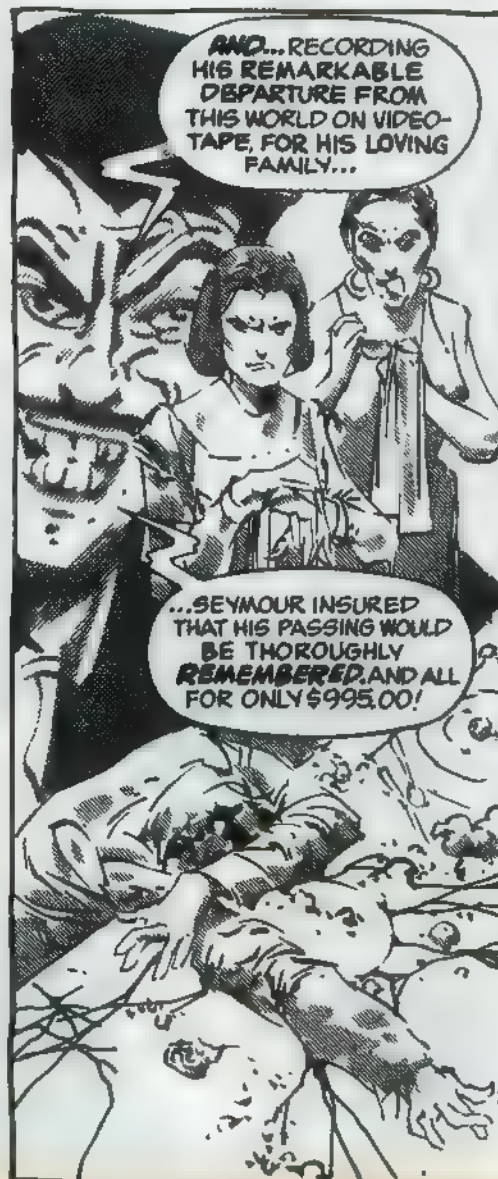
LIKE SO MANY AMERICANS, SEYMOUR CAME TO US FOR HELP. SEYMOUR PURCHASED ETERNAL BLISS FOR A MERE \$995.00!



BDOW! DOW! PTOW BDAMM! PTWOW!

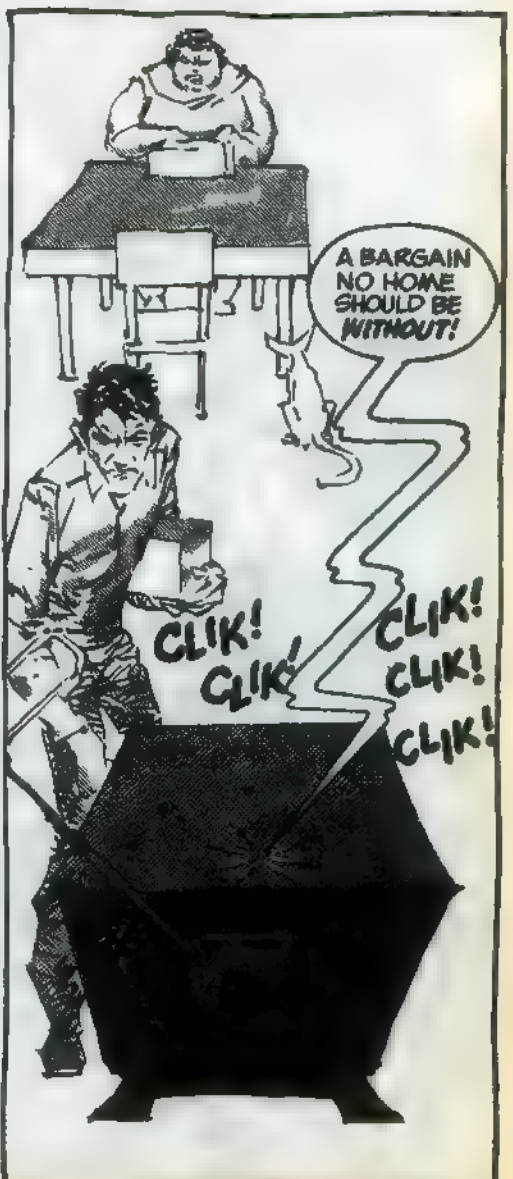
WITH HIS SURE-FIRE, QUICK-CARNAGE, SELF-DECOMATION KIT, SEYMOUR WAS ABLE TO EMPTY AN ENTIRE CLIP FROM A .45 AUTOMATIC INTO HIS HEAD...

...UTTERLY WRECKING HIS WIFE AND MOTHER-IN-LAW'S DINNER...



AND...RECORDING HIS REMARKABLE DEPARTURE FROM THIS WORLD ON VIDEO-TAPE, FOR HIS LOVING FAMILY...

...SEYMOUR INSURED THAT HIS PASSING WOULD BE THOROUGHLY REMEMBERED, AND ALL FOR ONLY \$995.00!



A BARGAIN NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT!

CLIK! CLIK! CLIK! CLIK! CLIK!





THERE ARE EVER  
SO MANY WAYS FOR  
THE **SURE-FIRE,  
QUICK-CARNAGE  
SELF-DECIMATION  
KIT** TO HELP YOU!



JUST LOOK WHAT  
IT'S DONE FOR **KATIE  
QUINLAN**, COMATOSE  
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.  
HER CONCERNED  
PARENTS HAD THE  
FORESIGHT TO  
PURCHASE OUR SPECIAL  
**RELATIVITY KIT!**

AFTER INITIAL INSTALLATION,  
KATIE HAD BUT TO **BLINK**  
HER EYES TO **OBLITERATE**  
THE MACHINES THAT KEPT  
HER ALIVE FOR SO LONG...



...THE MACHINES THAT,  
IN ESSENCE, HAD BECOME  
A VIRTUAL **PART** OF HER!



AND TAKE, FOR  
EXAMPLE, **MR. AND  
MRS. EMILIO  
RAMIREZ** OF  
BRONXVILLE,  
NEW YORK.

THEY PURCHASED  
OUR **JULIUS AND  
ETHEL ROSENBERG  
SPECIAL**, THE KIT  
THAT WORKS ON  
THE SAME  
PRINCIPLE AS THE  
RUSSIAN Y-2  
SKYWRITING  
ROCKETS!

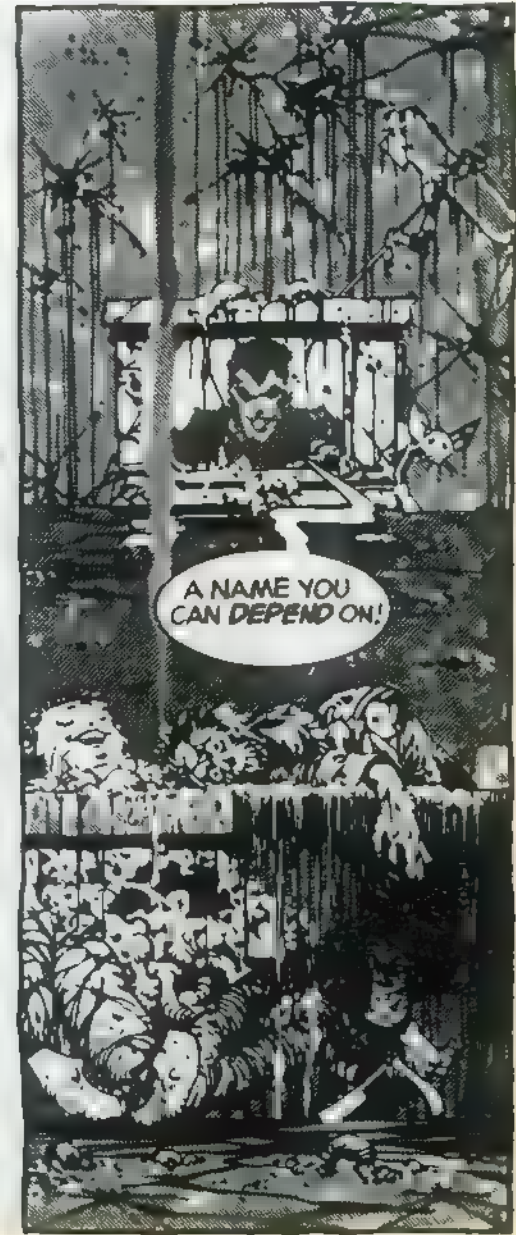
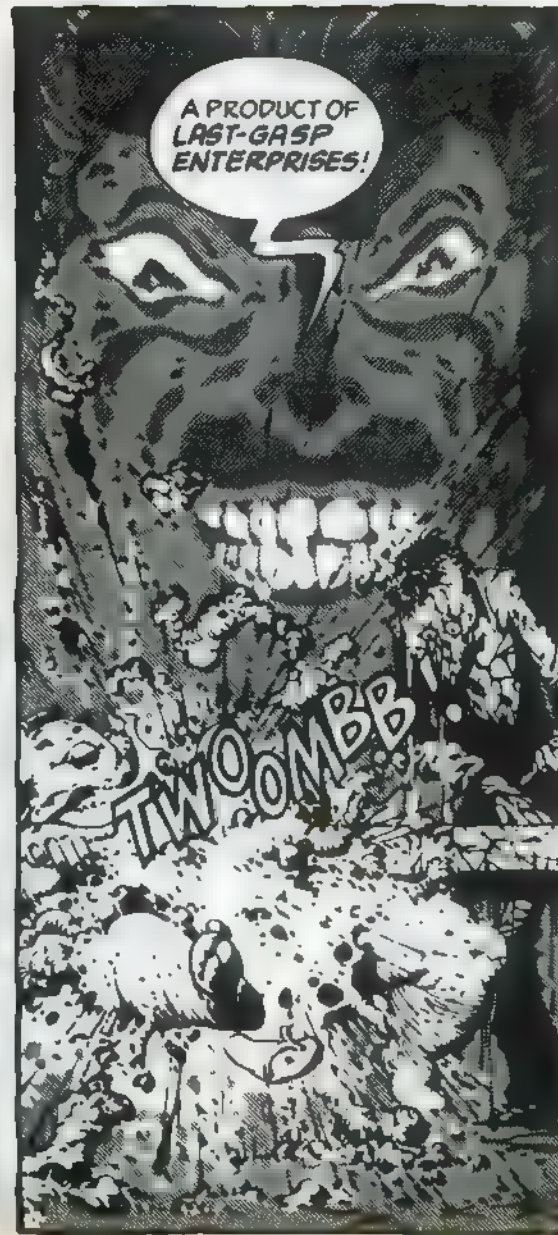


FOR ONLY \$39.95, IT  
LEAVES BEHIND **ANY MESSAGE**  
OF YOUR OWN COMPOSITION!



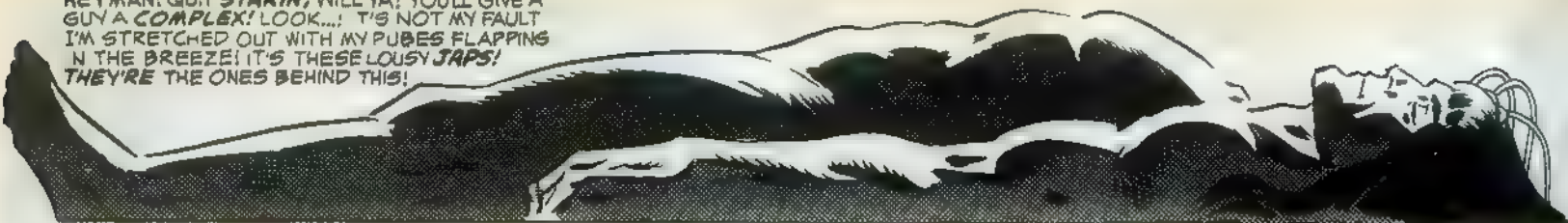
TRULY UNFORGETTABLE,  
FOLKS...! YOUR LAST DYING  
WORDS IN VIVID SQUIRMING  
**COLOR!**







HEY MAN! QUIT **STARIN'** WILL YA! YOU'LL GIVE A GUY A **COMPLEX!** LOOK...! T'S NOT MY FAULT I'M STRETCHED OUT WITH MY PUBES FLAPPING IN THE BREEZE! IT'S THESE LOUSY **JAPS!** THEY'RE THE ONES BEHIND THIS!



OH **SHIT!** WAIT! HEY...I DIDN'T **MEAN** IT! **CHRIST!** HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER OF THEIR MENTAL **"TURN-ONS!"** Y'SEE THAT PUD IN THE PRINCE VALIUM **BOB?** WELL...THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE **ME!** THOSE UGLY D PSTICKS POSING AS **OGRES...** THEY'RE THE DEMONS OF MY MIND, WITH WHOM I AM SUPPOSED TO COME TO **GRIPS.** DON'T WORRY THOUGH! I'M **INSANE,** Y'SEE... AND THIS IS SUPPOSEDLY THERAPEUTIC **MELODRAMA** BEING PLAYED OUT IN MY MIND!



I KNOW! THIS LITTLE ALTERCATION IS A BIT ONE-SIDED! AND I'M ABOUT TO GET THE **LIVING SHIT** KICKED OUT OF ME AGAIN, BUT IT'S ALL PART OF THE **SCRIPT.** I'VE BEEN THROUGH IT **HUNDREDS** OF TIMES. IF THE **REAMING** LITTLE **SLANTS** ARE RUNNING TRUE TO **FORM,** THEY'LL SOON BE **SENDING** IN THE **POONTANGS** TO RELIEVE THE **FALLEN** HERO...

AH, YES...! THERE THEY ARE **NOW!** RIGHT ON **CUE!** JUST AS MY **LIGHTS** ARE ABOUT TO BE PUT OUT!



**ASGGHH!** I HATE THIS PART...WHERE THEY **HACK** AND **CUT** ON ME! THEY ALWAYS GO **BELOW** THE **BELT.** IT'S AS IF THEY KNOW THAT I **DREAD** THAT **MOST!**

NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY TO CHANGE THEIR DAMNABLE SCENARIO THE **OUTCOME** IS INVARIABLY THE **SAME!** I **FALL...** ON THE **THRESH-**HOLD OF **DEATH,** ENDURING THE **AGONIES** OF **HELL!** THEN COMES THE **PLEASURE...** ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME OVER THE **EDGE!**



I REALLY HATE IT WHEN THEY **DRAW** THEIR **TONGUES** ACROSS MY **BODY!** OH **GOD...** CAN YOU **FEEL** IT...? SIX **EROTIC** **PROBES,** WORKING IN **FLAWLESS** **UNISON...** FIDDLING, **PLAYING,** **MANIPULATING** ME LIKE A **FINELY-TUNED** **INSTRUMENT!** BUT ONLY TO THE **BRINK...** AND THEN THEY **STOP!** OH **GOD...** THAT'S WHERE THEY **LEAVE** ME! **DANGLING!** NEVER... NEVER DO THEY LET ME **FLY!**

SOMETIMES I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO **TORTURE** ME...INSTEAD OF MAKING ME **WELL!**



# ONE NIGHT DOWN ON THE FUNNY FARM!



ONE THING ABOUT THESE SQUINTS, THEY DON'T GIVE YOU TIME TO RECOVER FROM ONE OF THEIR ESOTERIC ESCAPADES BEFORE THEY THROW YOU SMACK DAB INTO ANOTHER!

AH, YES! I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE! THEY'VE USED THIS TOOLING LITTLE BLONDE SO OFTEN THAT I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE I KNOW HER! THEY LET ME GET SO CLOSE TO THAT SWEET MEATBOX THAT I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT! BUT ALWAYS THEY YANK IT AWAY!

MY LORD! YOUR BROTHER'S CASTLE IS BESIEGED! HE CALLS FOR YOUR AID!

WAR! WAR! ALL THE TIME WAR! CAN'T A FELLA GET A LITTLE PIECE?



ROTTEN SLIMING JAPS! NO MATTER WHAT I SAY... NO MATTER WHAT I DO... IT HAS NO EFFECT ON THEIR RUTTING SCENARIO... THEY MANIPULATE ME LIKE A LIMPING DOLL!



YOU MUST GO, MY LOVE. OR YOU'LL HATE YOURSELF IN THE MORNING.

I HATE MYSELF NOW! MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK IN A QUICKIE, HUH!

I KNOW WHAT THEIR GAME IS! I'VE SEEN IT IN A MILLION B-GRADE FILMS! THEY DIVERT ME, KIDNAP THE GIRL, THEN WAIT FOR ME TO DELIVER MYSELF INTO THEIR HANDS... READY TO GIVE UP MY LIFE TO SAVE HER!

RETURN TO ME SAFELY, MY LOVE! TOGETHER WE SHALL OUTSHINE THE STARS!

AHA! AT LAST YOU'RE ALONE!



WTF! I COULD HAVE WRITTEN IT WITH MUCH MORE FLAIR WITH ONE HAND NAILED TO MY TYPEWRITER! THIS LITTLE PROGRAMMER THEY'VE GOT WIRED TO MY HEAD SPILLS OUT MORE HACKNEYED PLOTS THAN I COULD CONCOCT IN A LIFETIME!

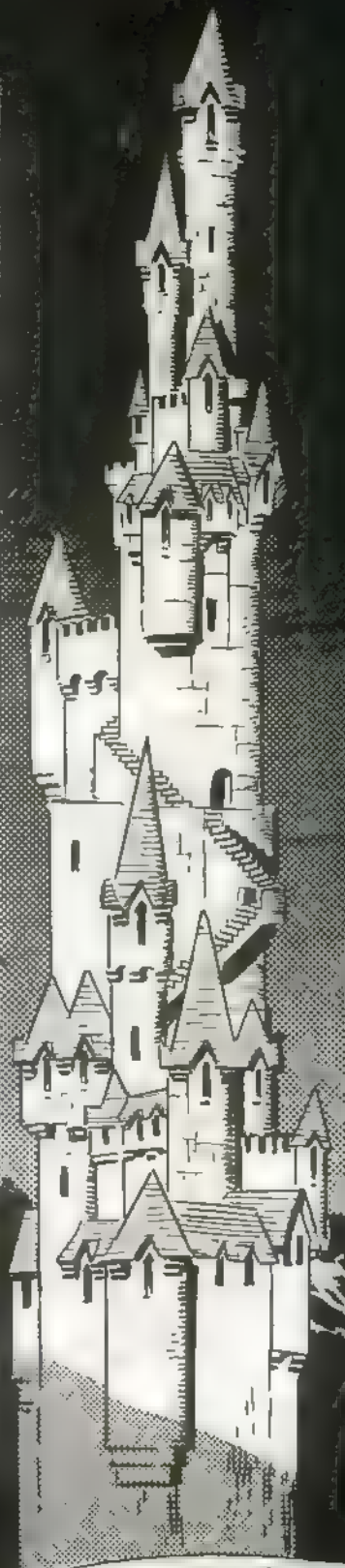
YOU...! THE CRAZED BIRDMAN! THIS IS ONE OF YOUR DIABOLICAL SCHEMES!?



AND THEY EXPECT THESE TO HELP ME...? THESE PSYCHO-DRAMAS, AS THEY CALL THEM! MAN, I DON'T DISPUTE THAT I NEED HELP...! BUT THE LAST THING I NEED ARE MORE OVER-WORKED FANTASIES...!



NAIVE CHILD! I'M JUST A MESSENGER, SENT HERE TO FETCH YOU FOR MY MASTER!



THEY SENT ME TO THIS BUGHOUSE BECAUSE I STARTED CLIMBING THE WALLS! OKAY! I ADMIT IT! MY MIND TOOK THE FIRST BANANA BOAT TO JUPITER!

MY WORK GOT TO ME, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT, BUT THEN WHO WOULDN'T GO SCREAMING YELLOW ZONKERS HAVING TO CHURN OUT SHITLOAD AFTER SHITLOAD OF SCRIPTS FOR NETWORK TV?!

MY LORD MENDICANT HAS NEED OF YOU.





YEAH...! THAT'S WHAT I DID IN THE REAL WORLD! KOJAK! BARETTA! LAYERNE AND SHIRLEY! MARY HARTMAN, MARY HARTMAN, THAT'S ME!



YES, A FINGER SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT. IT LACKS IMAGINATION, BUT IF HER LOVER DOESN'T SURRENDER, WE'LL SEND HIM MORE!

I MAKE NO EXCUSES FOR MY ACTIONS. I WROTE THE STUFF. MY MOTIVE WAS PURE AND SIMPLE... AND GREEN! I CHURNED OUT IDIOCY FOR THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR, PEDDLING MENTAL MASTURBATION TO THE MASSES WAS MY GAME!



SIR! A MESSENGER FROM LORD MENDICANT!

IT'S KIND OF POETIC JUSTICE THAT THAT WHICH I SHOVELED UPON OTHERS IS NOW BEING BLATANTLY HEAPED UPON ME! OF COURSE, IT ISN'T THE SAME. THE LITTLE SLOPES DON'T HAVE NEARLY MY OLD FLAIR.

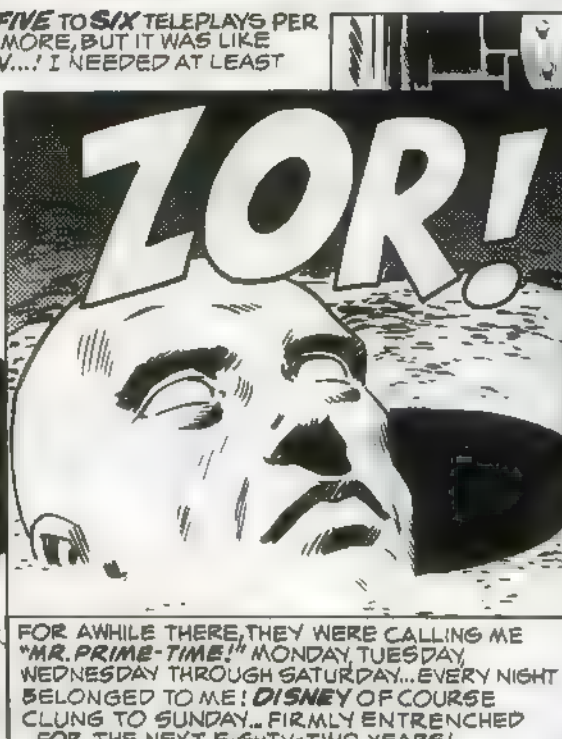


GADS, MY LORD! HE SENDS YOU THE GIRL'S FINGER AND DEMANDS YOUR HEAD!

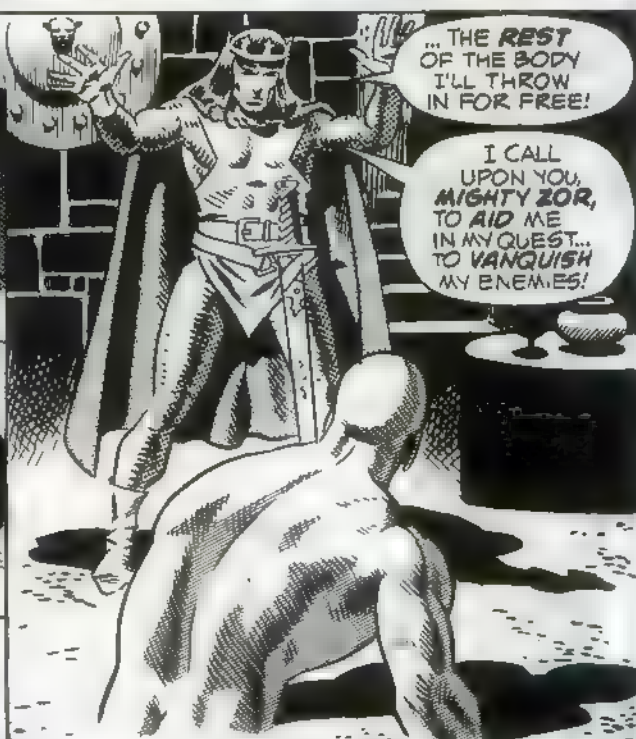
IN MY PRIME I WHIPPED OUT FIVE TO SIX TELEPLAYS PER WEEK. I COULD HAVE DONE MORE, BUT IT WAS LIKE CEREBRAL MENSTRUATION...! I NEEDED AT LEAST SIX DAYS TO REST!



HE WANTS A HEAD... I'LL GIVE HIM A HEAD!



FOR AWHILE THERE, THEY WERE CALLING ME "MR. PRIME-TIME!" MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY THROUGH SATURDAY... EVERY NIGHT BELONGED TO ME! DISNEY OF COURSE CLUNG TO SUNDAY... FIRMLY ENTRENCHED FOR THE NEXT EIGHTY-TWO YEARS!



... THE REST OF THE BODY I'LL THROW IN FOR FREE!

I CALL UPON YOU, MIGHTY ZOR, TO AID ME IN MY QUEST... TO VANQUISH MY ENEMIES!

WHAT MADE ME SO POPULAR WAS NOT THE FACT THAT I COULD CRANK OUT MINDLESS PAP. KELL...! THE NETWORKS HAD BEEN DOING THAT FOR YEARS!

NO...! WHAT I GAVE THEM WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT... SOMETHING UNIQUE. IN ALL OF TELEVISION HISTORY I FED THE MASSES EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANTED... THE CUSTOMARY IDIOCY SATURATED WITH SEX AND GORE!

AND WONDER OF IT ALL... I DID IT ALL WITH THE GRANDEST SUBTLETY... IN A WAY THAT HAD THE RUBES LITERALLY SCREAMING FOR MORE!

THE SECRET WAS MORE IN WHAT I DIDN'T SHOW IN MY SCRIPTS THAN THAT WHICH APPEARED ON THE SCREEN. I LEARNED EARLY ON THAT GROANS HEARD OFF-CAMERA, DEPENDING ON THEIR LENGTH, INTENSITY AND VOLUME, COULD INDICATE EVERYTHING FROM THE MOST PROFOUND EROTIC PLEASURE TO THE MOST BRUTAL AND BLOODY OF DEATHS!



BECOME THE TROLL-ZOR, THEN ESCORT ME TO MY LOVE!

YOU... YOU CAN'T DO THAT. I PROTEST!

STOW T. CLT - PS, OR DIE!

CONSEQUENTLY, MY STORIES HAD A LOT OF INEXPENSIVE STUDIO FOOTAGE, MATTED AGAINST AN EXHAUSTING ARRAY OF CANNED MOANS AND GROANS!

THE NETWORKS REVERED ME FOR MY FRUGALITY WHILE THE AUDIENCE LOVED ME FOR MY MIND. I WAS A PRIME TIME HIT, REGULARLY PULLING A 55. SHARE!



OOPS! HEY! WHERE'D THE PICTURE GO...? LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE CHANGING REELS! GUESS EVEN THE BUG HOUSE HAS ITS VIDEO DIFFICULTIES. YEAH I KNOW... PLEASE STAND BY!

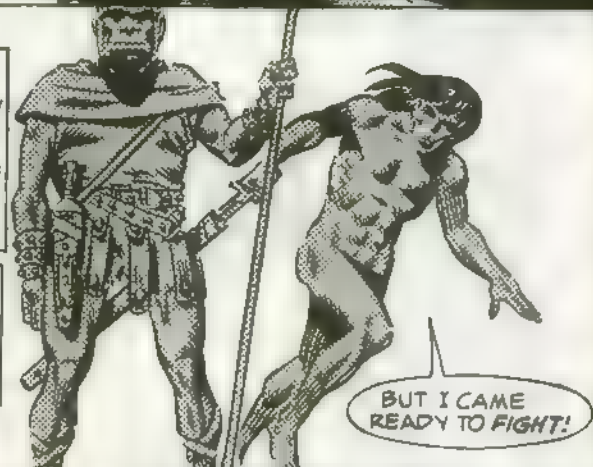


HERE WE GO! SOMETIMES IT TAKES THEM AWHILE TO CHANGE THESE SCENES, AS IF THEY HAVE TO BUILD NEW PROPS OR SOMETHING! HA!

AH! THERE'S THAT BLONDE AGAIN! I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SAVE HER. DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'VE STRIPPED ME TO MY BIRTHDAY SUIT. INTERESTING, THOUGH, HOW THEY NEVER SHOW MY MORE MASCULINE ATTRIBUTES, LIKE THEY'RE CENSORING THE TRANSMISSION, PROTECTING ME FROM THE RAMPANT PORNOGRAPHY LURKING IN THE RECESSES OF MY BRAIN.

ANYWAY...! WHERE WAS I? OH YEAH--! TELLING YOU ABOUT MY FAIRY TALE CAREER. I BECAME THE WONDER BOY OF THE BOOB TUBE. EVERYTHING I TOUCHED TURNED TO GOLD.

THE NETWORKS WERE CLAMORING FOR MORE... MORE OF MY STORIES. THEY WANTED ME TO WRITE EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!



BUT I CAME READY TO FIGHT!

ABC OFFERED ME WEALTH BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS. NBC PROMISED ILLICIT BUT WONDERFUL ACTS PERFORMED UPON MY BODY BY NO LESS THAN FREDDIE SILVERMAN. BILL PALEY OFFERED ME CBS... AND PROMISED TO THROW IN MANHATTAN ISLAND TO BOOT!



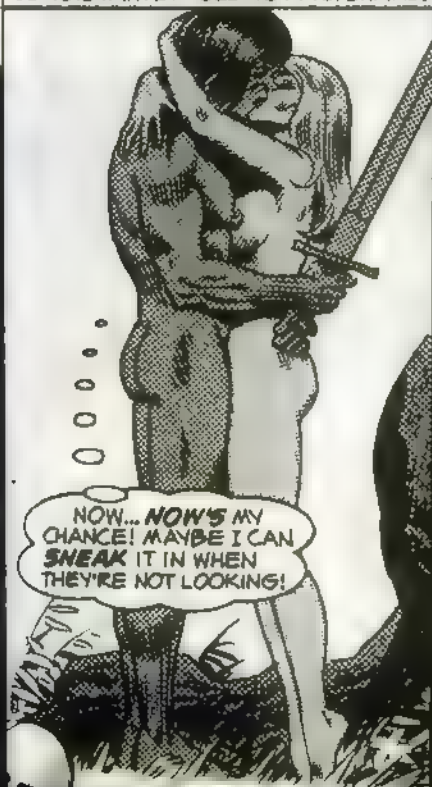
LOOK OUT! HE HAS A SWORD!

AAAAH! THIS IS FUN! PLAYING THIS PHALIC SYMBOL OF MY OPPRESSED MANHOOD... BEATING OFF THE DEMONS, SO TO SPEAK, WHICH HAUNT MY TORTURED MIND!

I HAD WOMEN AND MONEY AND FAME AND POWER...! I ALSO HAD THE NEW MR. T. AND TINA, SON OF HOLMES AND YOYO AND LASSIE'S MISTAKE CONSISTANTLY PULLING A 75. SHARE!

THEN ONE DAY IT ALL TURNED SOUR! I SAT AT MY TYPEWRITER... AND NOTHING CAME! NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED, THE PABLUM WOULDN'T FLOW...! THE SEX, THE VIOLENCE, THE PRIME TIME MEDIOCRITY, IT WAS ALL... GONE WITH THE WIND!

IT'S AS IF SOME GREAT MENTAL FUSE HAD BLOWN. BURNED OUT FROM OVERWORK! MY MIND WAS A VAST SEA OF FUZZ... LIKE A TV TUBE ON THE FRITZ!



NOW... NOW'S MY CHANCE! MAYBE I CAN SNEAK IT IN WHEN THEY'RE NOT LOOKING!



GAAAA! RUTTING WHIP-EATERS! THEY NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!



THIS'LL SHOW YA, YA LOUSY TREE! RUIN MY SEX LIFE, WILL YA!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE DEADLINES PILED HIGH AROUND ME, THE NETWORKS CLAMORED FOR THEIR SCRIPTS, EVEN FREDDIE THREATENED TO LEAVE ME. THE PRESSURE WAS ADOBNABLE. NO MERE HUMAN COULD TAKE IT! MY MIND WENT KABLOOIE! AND THEY FOUND ME SCOTCH APED TO THE CEILING!



THEY SENT ME TO THE FINEST REST HOMES IN THE STATES. ALL THREE NETWORKS, NO DOUBT MORE OUT OF GUILT THAN REMORSE, PROMISED TO PICK UP THE TAB. BUT NO MATTER HOW GOOD THE TREATMENT, MY MIND WOULDN'T MEND. I WAS CLASSIC CATATONIC-SCHIZOPHRENIC...BABBLING INCESTANTLY ABOUT POINTS, RATINGS AND SHARES!



THEN SOMEONE HEARD OF THIS NEW PSYCHE-TUBE BEING PIONEERED BY THE JAPANESE. FOR LACK OF ANYWHERE ELSE TO SEND ME, THEY WRAPPED ME UP AND SHIPPED ME TO THE ISLE OF THE SETTING SUN. EVER SINCE, I'VE BEEN A HUMAN GUINEA PIG...PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF MY NIPPONESE PROGRAMMERS.



I'M NOT REAL SURE HOW THEIR MENTAL BOOB TUBE WORKS...SOMETHING ABOUT STIMULATING INNER OPTIC NERVES. WHAT THEY DO IS JAB THESE LONG HUMONGUS NEEDLES INTO YOUR BRAIN, THEN FONDLE THEIR VIDEO CHANNELS UNTIL THEY GET THE PICTURE THEY WANT. THEY MANIPULATE THIS LITTLE DREAMWORLD ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN INNAE SCRIPTS...WHICH, AS I UNDERSTAND IT, ARE RECYCLED FROM THE "GOLDEN AGE" OF TV.



NONE OF IT IS REAL, OF COURSE! IT ALL HAPPENS INSIDE MY BRAIN! BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE EXTREMELY THERAPEUTIC... GUARANTEED TO CHASE AWAY THE DEMONS OF CATATONIA.

THEY SAY IT'S ALL IN MY BEST INTERESTS...! THAT IF I CAN SURVIVE THIS, I'LL DO WONDERS IN THE REAL WORLD...! BUT I DON'T KNOW. SOMEHOW IT REEKS OF THE SINISTER, INSTEAD OF IMPROVING MY CONDITION. I HAVE THIS TERRIBLE FEELING I'M SINKING DEEPER INTO THE MIRE OF MY MIND!



IF I WERE THE SUSPICIOUS SORT, I MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO BELIEVE THAT THIS PSYCHE-TUBE WAS CREATED BY THE JAPANESE AS THE MASTER WEAPON IN THEIR LONG-PLANNED TAKEOVER OF THE WORLD...!

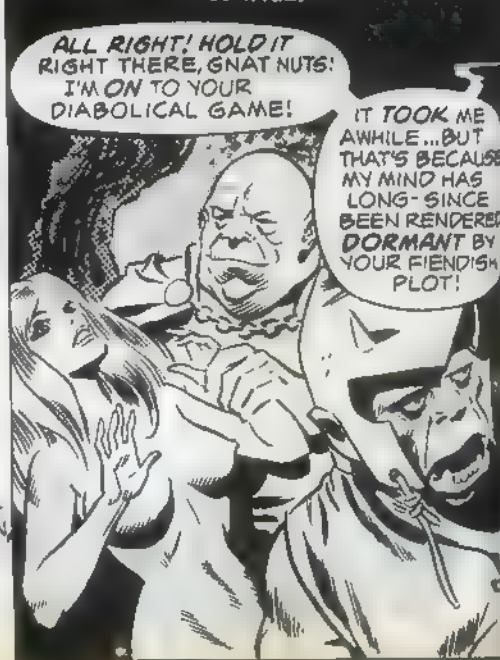


SINCE A YOUTH, I'VE HARBORED THIS DREAD THAT TELEVISION WAS BESTOWED UPON AN UNSUSPECTING AMERICAN PUBLIC FOR THE OMINOUS PURPOSE OF RENDERING US INTO MINDLESS HUSKS!

I'VE SEEN MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN BUMBLE THROUGH LIFE, IMPERSONATING LOBOTOMIZED VEGTABLES...THE RESULT OF IDLE YEARS SPENT STARING VACANTLY INTO THE CHIMERICAL WASTELAND OF THE VIDEO WORLD!

NOW IF THE JAPS WERE TO MASS-MARKET THIS PSYCHE-TUBE, WITH ITS BIGGER-THAN-LIFE, COMMERCIAL-FREE, WALL-TO-WALL CEREBAL SCREEN, IT WOULD BE GOBBLED HUNGRILY UP BY AN UNSUSPECTING PUBLIC, ALREADY PROGRAMMED TO CONSUME INORDINATE AMOUNTS OF FANTASY.

WHAT BETTER WAY TO SEND US ALL INTO MASS CATATONIC STUPOR...AND AT LONG LAST HAVE THEIR REVENGE FOR WORLD WAR II!





CLEVER OF THOSE NIPONESE SLIME! SO THIS IS WHAT IT'S BEEN LEADING TO! THIS IS WHY WE'VE BEEN DELUSED FOR YEARS WITH BETTER-MADE JAP TY'S. THAT'S BEEN THE HOOK THAT'S MADE VIDEO JUNKIES OF US ALL...!

YOU'RE OUT TO CONQUOR THE WORLD, AREN'T YOU! YOU'RE STILL MAD AT US FOR HIROSHIMA!



EGADS! HE KNOWS!

THEY'VE BEEN PATIENT, I'LL GIVE THEM THAT, WAITING FOR US TO OD ON LUCY AND RICKY. THEY WANTED US ON OUR KNEES, BEGGING FOR MORE, BEFORE THEY HIT US WITH THE HARD STUFF THAT'S BEEN LURKING WITHIN OUR OWN HEADS!

YES! I KNOW! THOUGH I'M POWERLESS TO THWART YOU, A POX ON YOU AND YOUR ANCESTORS...



WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, WE SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED, WE SHOULD HAVE QUESTIONED THE APATETIC BENEVOLENCE THEY SHOWED US AFTER WE KICKED LIVING SHIT OUT OF THEM IN THE WAR!

BUT HOW COULD WE HAVE KNOWN, INCAPACATED AS SUCH WITH OUR DORMANT MINDS? IT WAS CLASSIC CATCH 22... BROUGHT TO US BY OUR JAPANESE "FRIENDS!"

... MAY YOU BE CONDEMNED TO WATCHING MY LITTLE MARGIE FOR ALL ETERNITY!



AND TO THINK THAT I WAS AIDING THEM IN THEIR EXECRABLE CONSPIRACY, TURNING OUT SLUDGE TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS! SLUDGE WHICH EVEN SUCKED ME INTO THE BLACKNESS OF INGANITY! JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER THEY'LL GET US EVERY TIME! THOSE THEY DON'T WRECK IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN, THEY'LL BRING DOWN BEHIND THE SCENES, AND EVENTUALLY THE ENTIRE WESTERN WORLD WILL FALL!



LOOKS LIKE THAT'S IT! NOW THAT I'VE TIPPED MY HAND AND LET ON THAT I KNOW... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO...! MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE AWAY MY PYSCH-TUBE AND PIPE IN OLD JOHNNY CARSON RERUNS! GAAA! I COULDN'T THINK OF A MORE HORRIBLE FATE! I'D MUCH PREFER THE PEACE OF THE GREAT BEYOND!



IN THAT CLASE, YOU WISH MY CLOMMAND...!

Y-YOU--!? BUT... BUT WHO ARE YOU?



I HUMBLE FLIGAMENT OF YOU FLOMENTED MIND!

I CLOME TO TAKE YOU AWAY FLOW IT ALL! HOLD HLAND. TO-GLETHYR WE FLY TO HAPPLINESS!

BUT... WHERE WILL WE GO...?



INTO HIDDEN CLEVICES OF MIND, WHERE EVEN DARKEST DREAMS DO NOT EXIST!

THEY NOT TLOUCH YOU HERE! HERE YOU FIND HAPPLINESS AND PLEACE!



OH, GOSH! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

IS DLONE, HONORABLE DOCTOR?

IS DLONE, HONORABLE NURSE! QUICK! PAINLESS! WAS HAPPY DEATH. SHOULD GO SO WELL FOR REST OF AMERICANS!

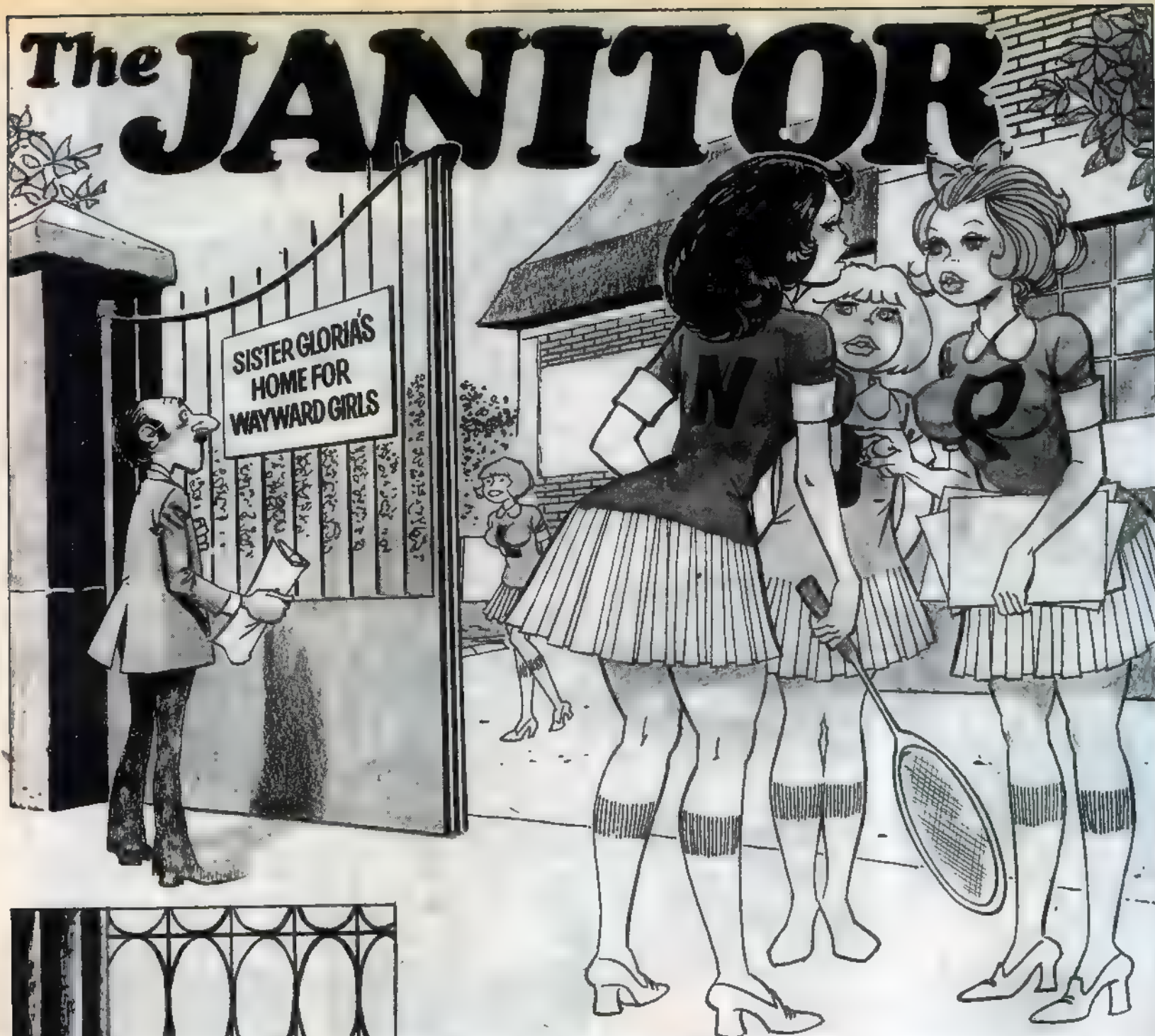
THEN WE BEGIN EXPLOIT SOON?

FIRST SHIPMENT GLOES OUT TOMOLLOW!

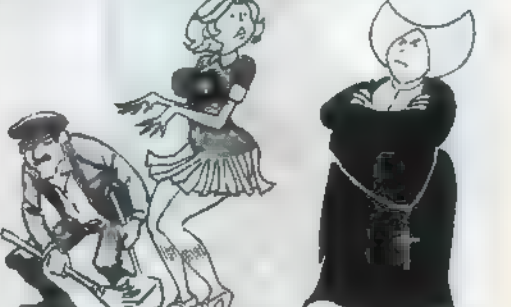
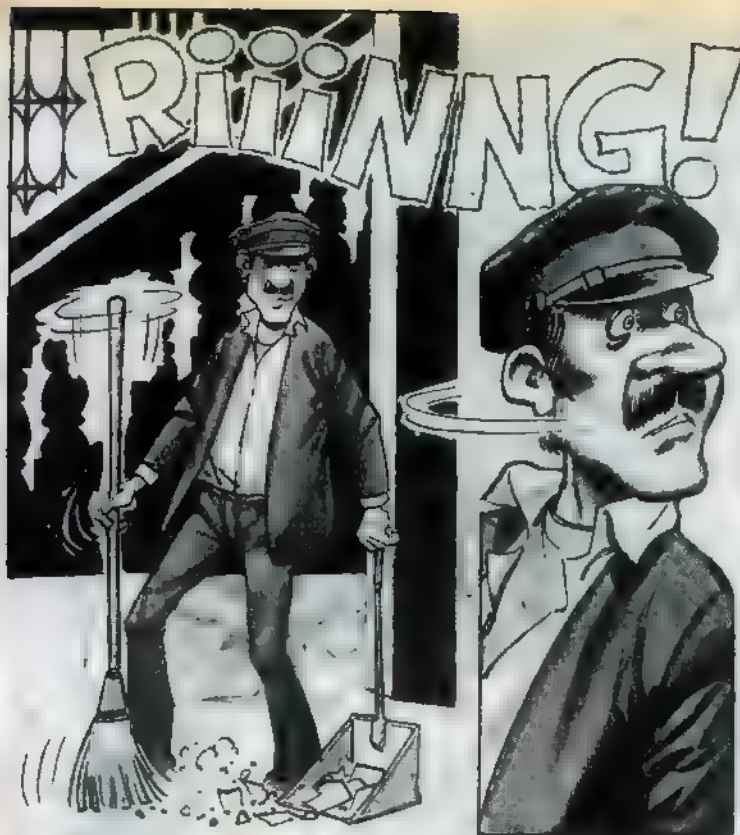




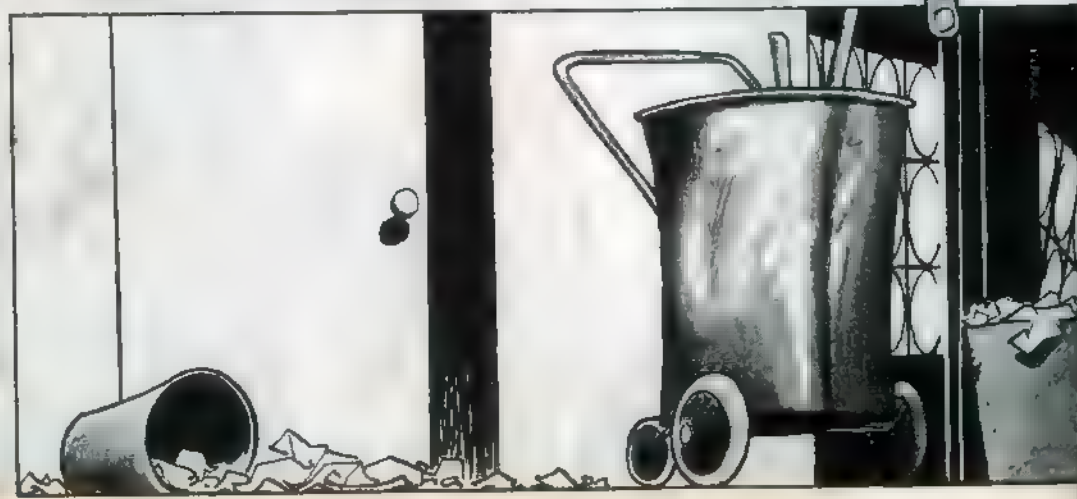
# The JANITOR



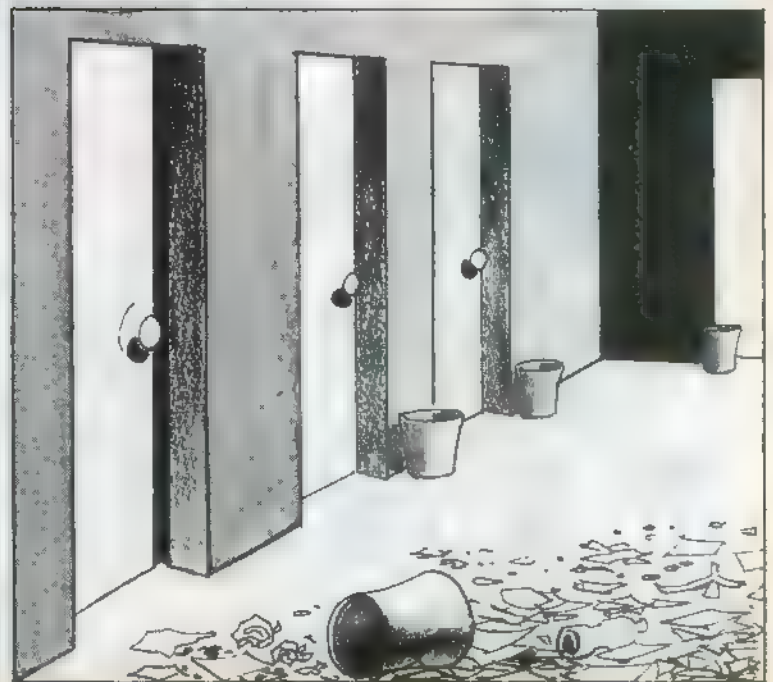




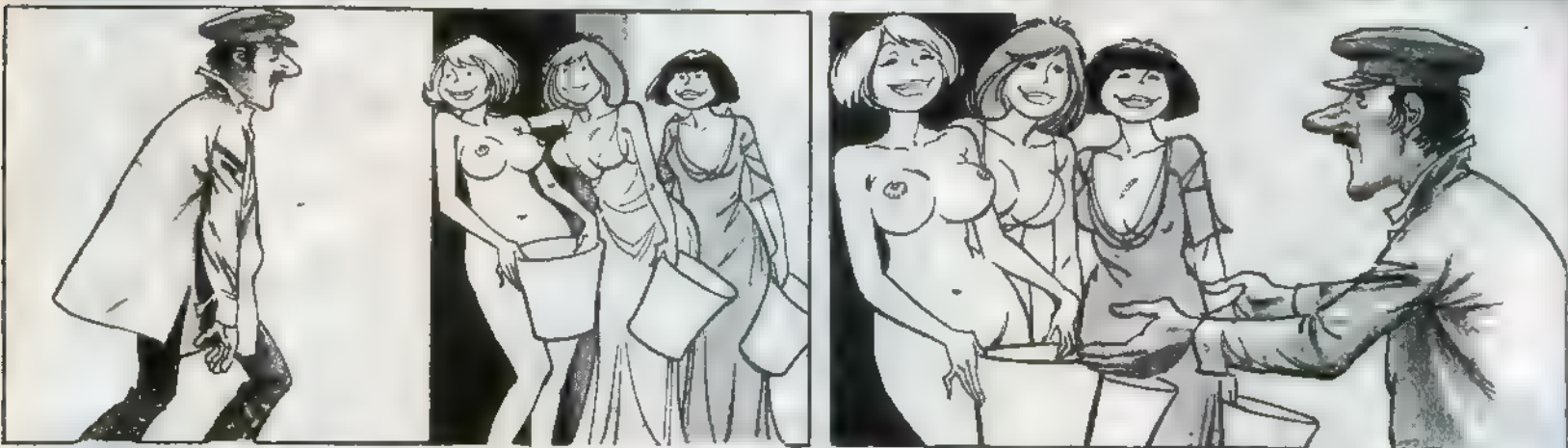
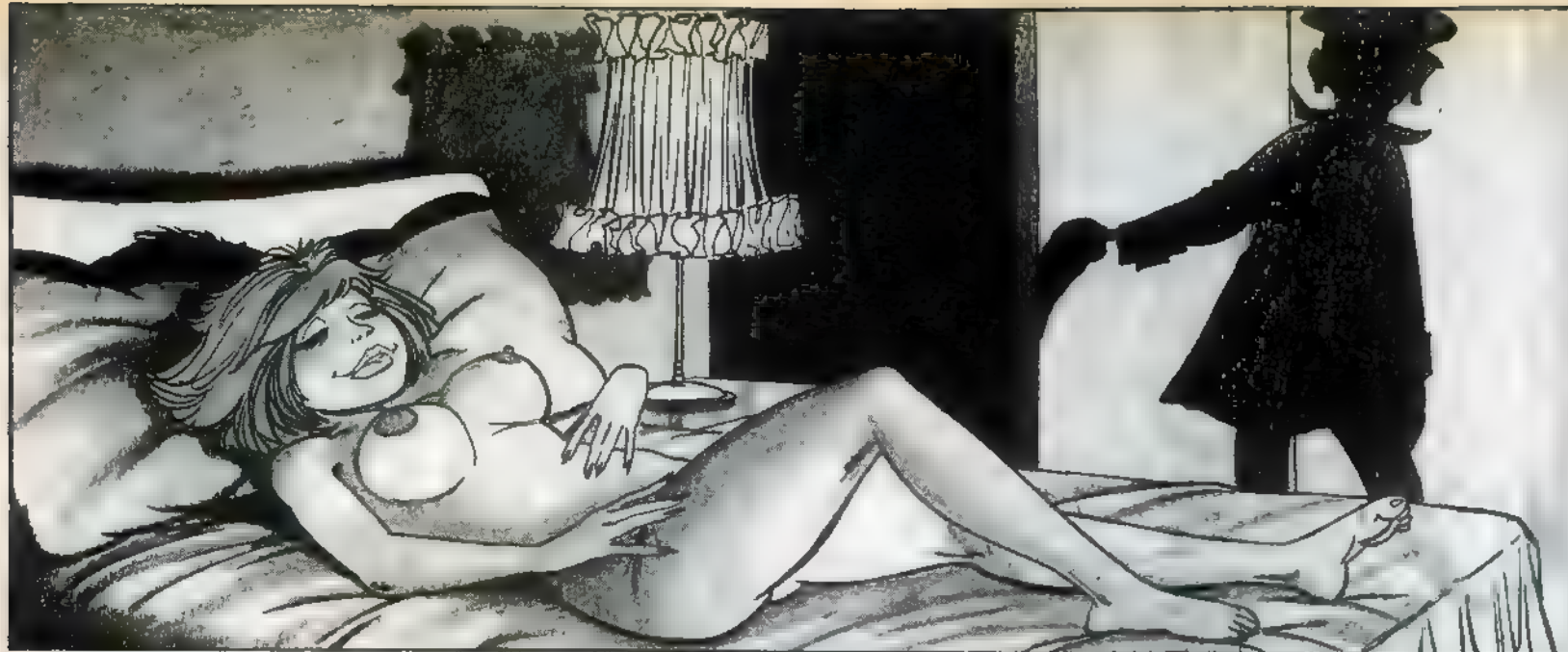




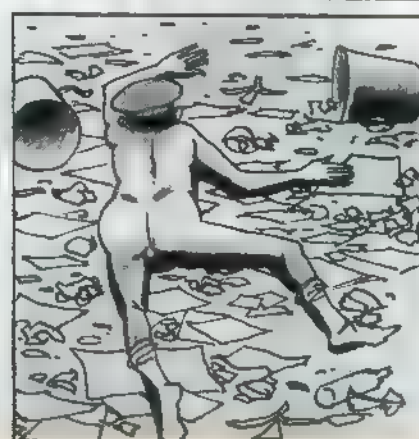
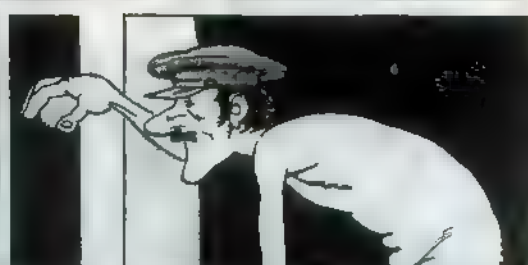
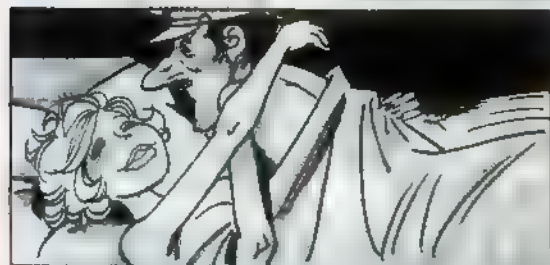
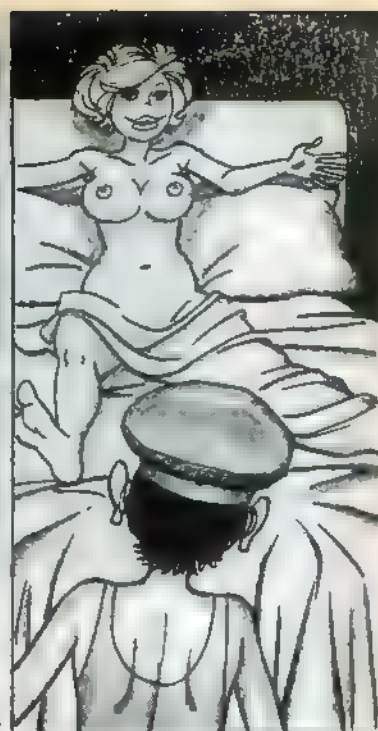
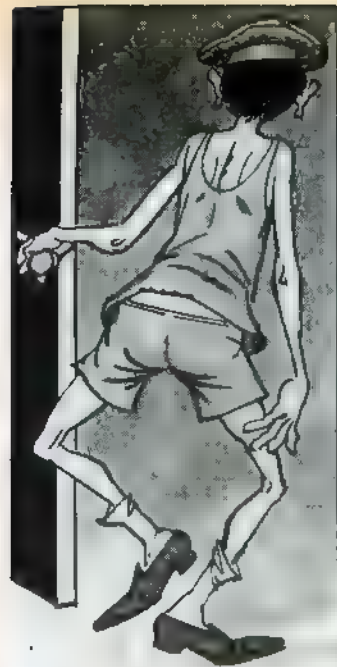




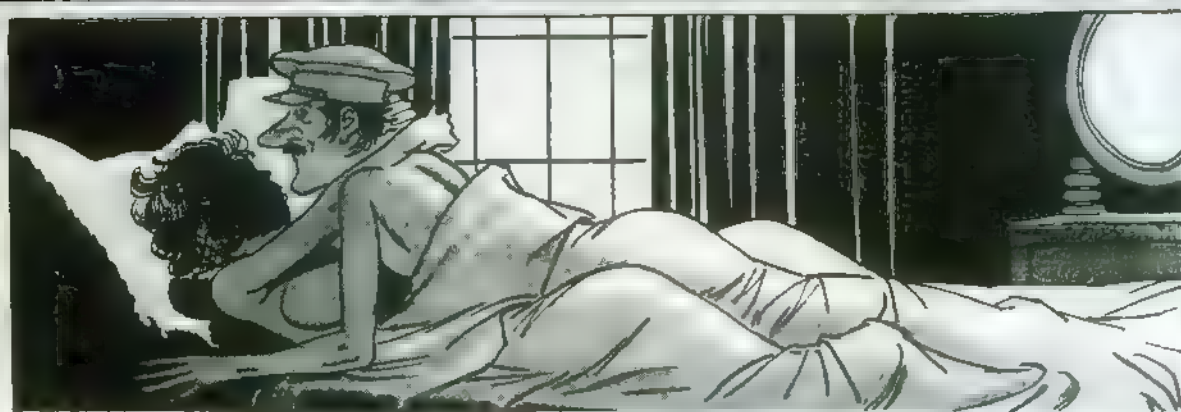
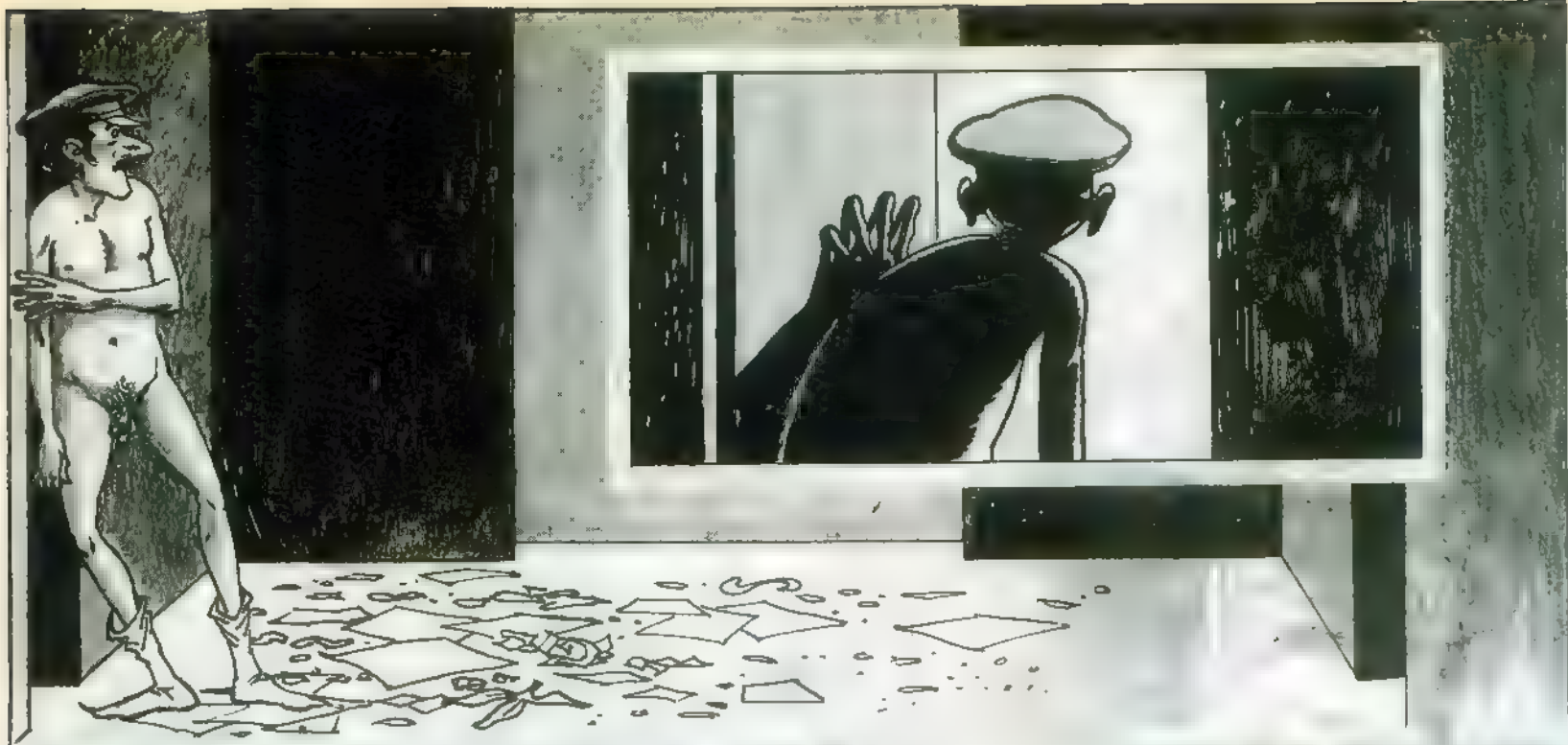




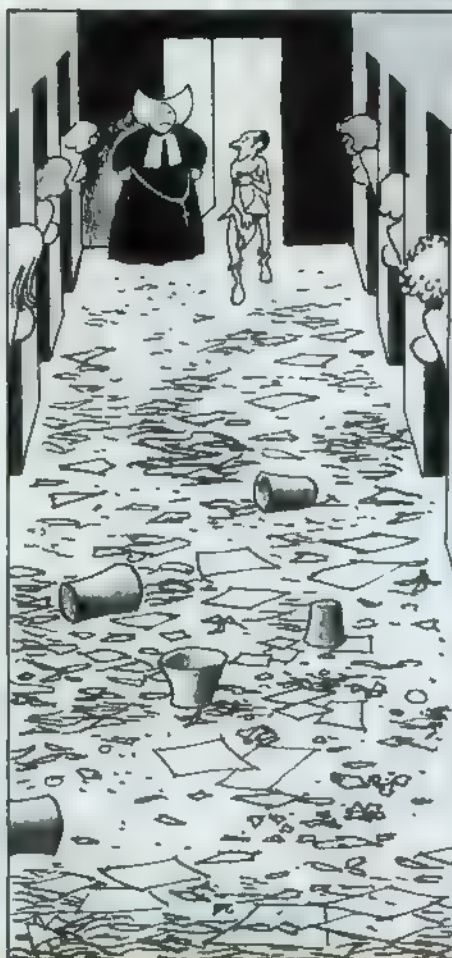
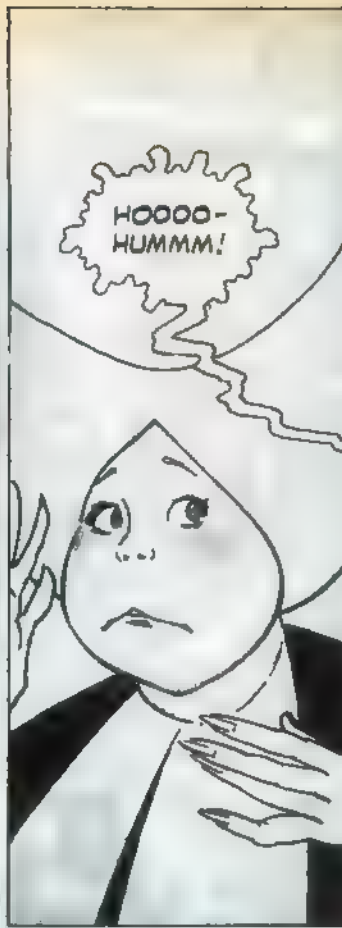




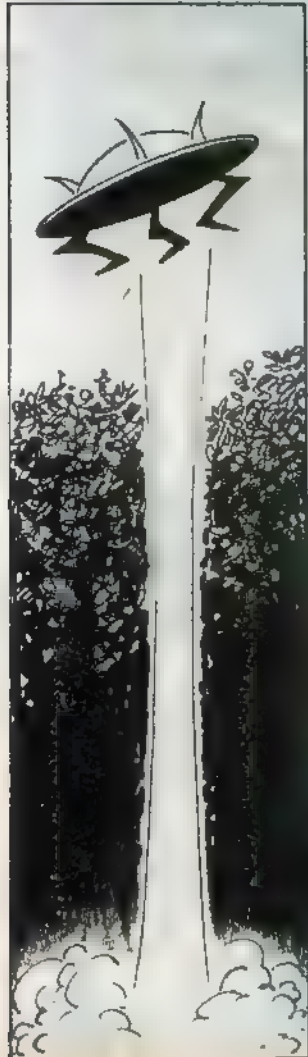
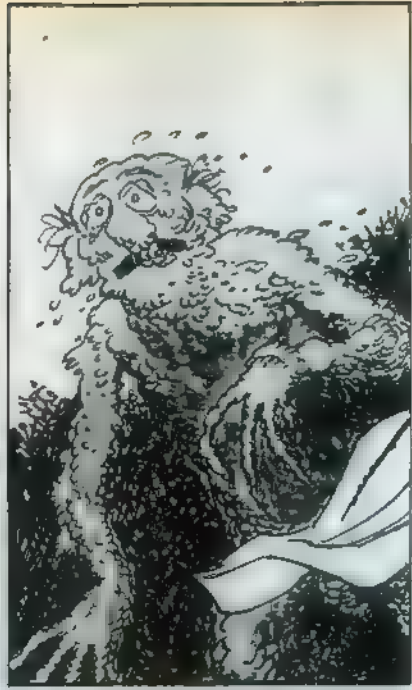














# MUTANT WORLD

THE WORLD IS *DIFFERENT* NOW! IT IS *DOG-EAT-DOG*, SO TO SPEAK. AND THE ALTERED GOLDEN RULE STATES... *EAT* UNTO OTHERS BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR STEW OUTTA YOU!

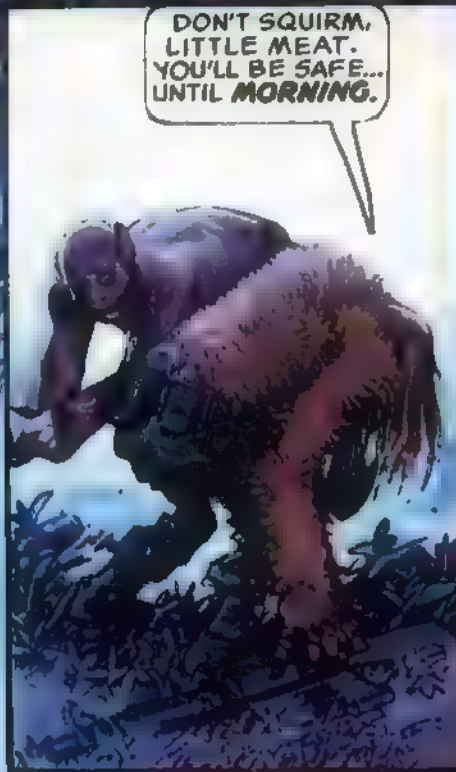
THE FEEBLE MINDED *DIMENTO* HAS MANAGED TO *AVOID* BEING FRICASSEED THUS FAR. BUT VISIONS OF HIS FRAIL FORM IMPALD ON A REVOLVING SPIT, AN APPLE STUCK BETWEEN HIS GAPING TEETH, RETURN AS HE HEARS THE CRUNCH OF HEAVY FEET TROMPING THROUGH THE STICKY MIST!



COME OUT, CHUBBY MORSEL! IT IS SAFE! ZUG IS NOT *HUNGRY* NOW.



AH! THERE YOU ARE, JUICY ONE.

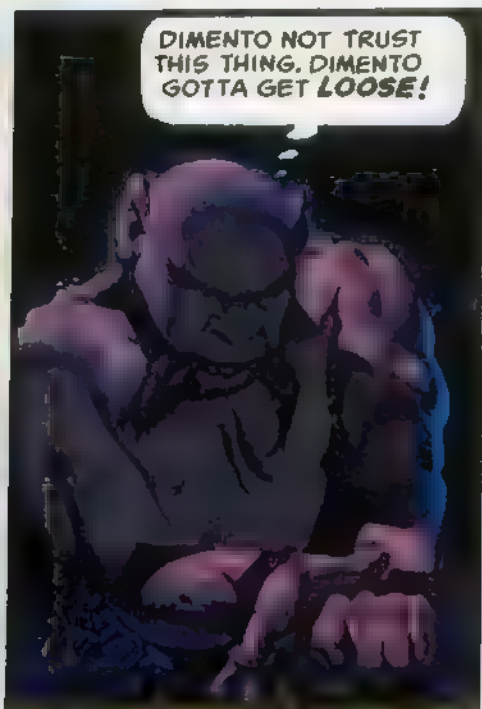
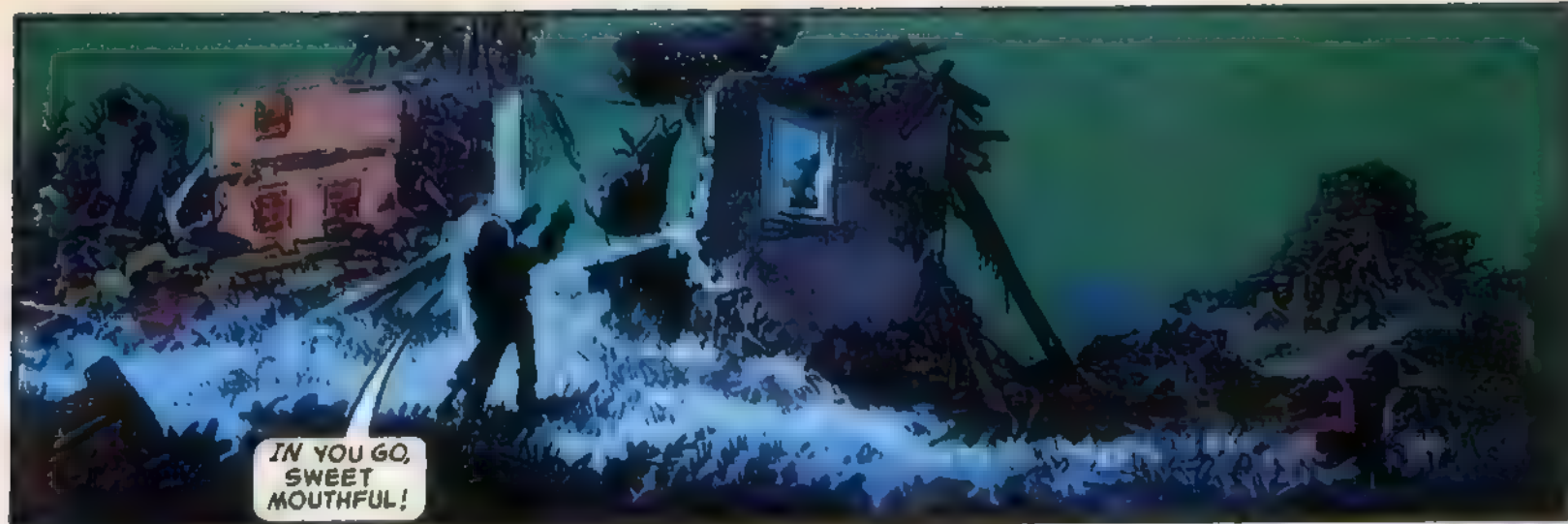


DON'T SQUIRM, LITTLE MEAT. YOU'LL BE SAFE... UNTIL *MORNING*.



CRUNCH  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH

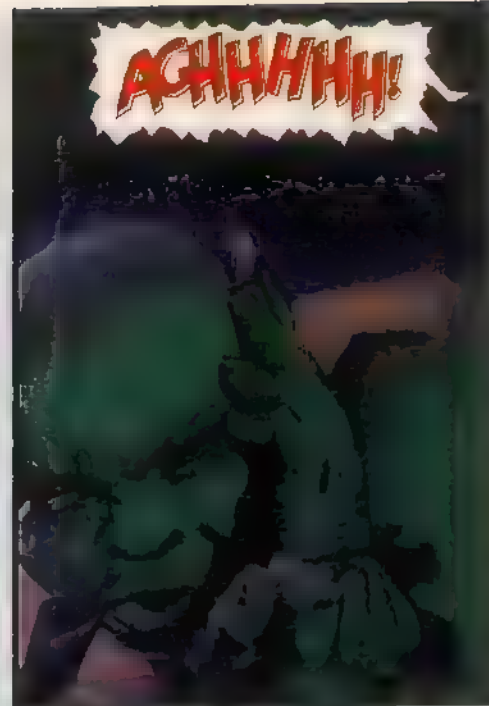








UH-OH! ZUG'S  
GONNA RIP THAT  
NICE MAN-THING  
INTO PIECES!



**AGHHHHH!**



**ZUNK!**



DEAR LORD, FORGIVE THIS  
CREATURE IT'S WRONGFUL  
THOUGHTS, FOR IT KNEW NOT  
THE BLESSING OF YOUR  
LOVE. MAY IT FIND PEACE  
IN YOUR INFINITE  
GRACE.

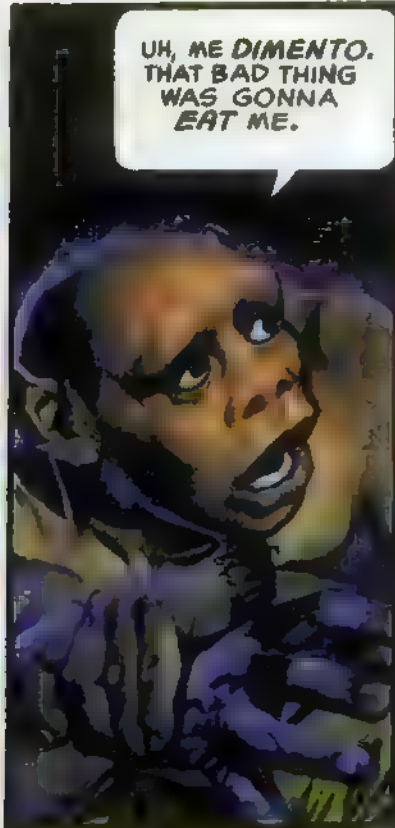




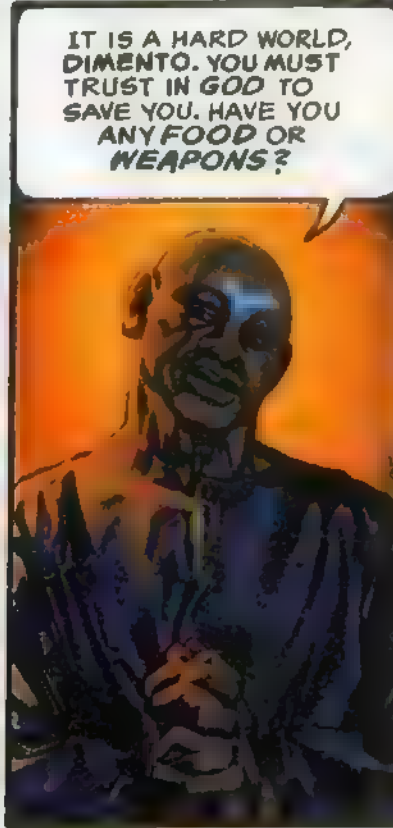
HAVE NO FEAR, SIMPLE ONE. GOD HAS DELIVERED YOU FROM DANGER. MY NAME IS **FATHER DOVE**, AND I AM GOD'S HUMBLE SERVANT. I WILL NOT HARM YOU.



LET ME **FREE** YOU FROM THIS UN-SEEMLY POSITION. WHAT IS YOUR NAME, LAMB?



UH, ME **DIMENTO**. THAT BAD THING WAS GONNA EAT ME.



IT IS A HARD WORLD, **DIMENTO**. YOU MUST TRUST IN GOD TO SAVE YOU. HAVE YOU ANY **FOOD** OR **WEAPONS**?



NO... **NO** WEAPONS. **NO** **FOOD** FOR MANY DAYS.

THEN YOU MUST JOIN ME ON MY PILGRIMAGE. THROUGH SERVICE TO GOD, YOU WILL BE **REWARDED**.



YOU MAY BEGIN BY CARRYING MY **BACK**. IT'S A SMALL CHORE, BUT ENOUGH FOR A BEGINNING....

BUT--!

**NO EXCUSES!!** SLOTH IS THE TOOL OF THE **DEVIL!**



**MOVE IT!** YOU MUST DO AS **GOD** REQUIRES!

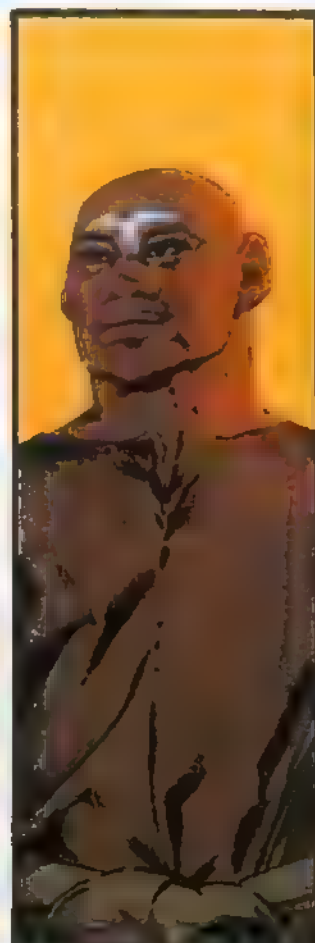
**UNGH!**

**THUMP!**



THIS SACK **HEAVY**.  
I **HURT**. CAN'T I  
**EAT** NOW?

**NO!** PAIN IS AN **ILLUSION!**  
YOU ONLY **THINK** YOU  
ARE TIRED BECAUSE  
YOUR SPIRIT IS **WEAK!**



LET US **STOP** A  
MOMENT, DIMENTO.  
I MUST **REST**  
AND **EAT** NOW.











THE DEVIL DOES NOT LIKE PAIN, WE WILL DRIVE HIM OUT!

AGHH!

WAK!

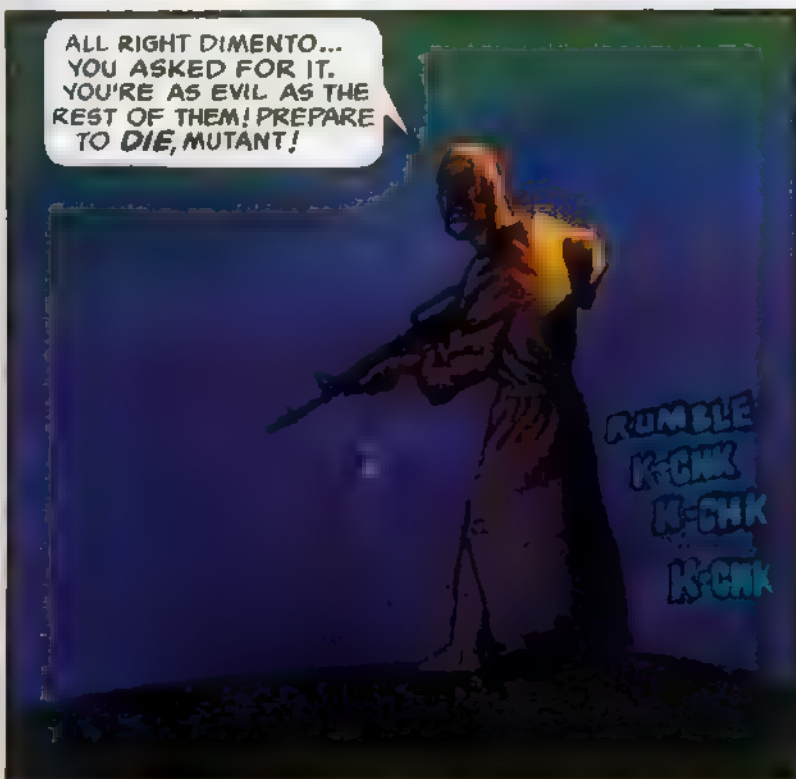


STOP! DIMENTO SORRY! DON'T HURT! PLEASE!

NO, DIMENTO. YOU MUST LEARN A LESSON. YOU HAVE ANGERED GOD, AND YOU MUST BE PUNISHED. NOW STAND UP AND TAKE IT LIKE A MARTYR!



COME BACK HERE, YOU CREEP YOU MUST DO AS I SAY! YOU MUST SERVE GOD, GODDAMN IT!



ALL RIGHT DIMENTO... YOU ASKED FOR IT. YOU'RE AS EVIL AS THE REST OF THEM! PREPARE TO DIE, MUTANT!

RUMBLE  
K-CHK  
K-CHK  
K-CHK



HUH? OH GOD! NOW WAIT A MINUTE, HUH!

RUMBLE  
RUMBLE



NO! STOP! I DON'T  
WANT TO DIE! DEAR  
LORD... I... I'M SORRY!  
NOOOO!

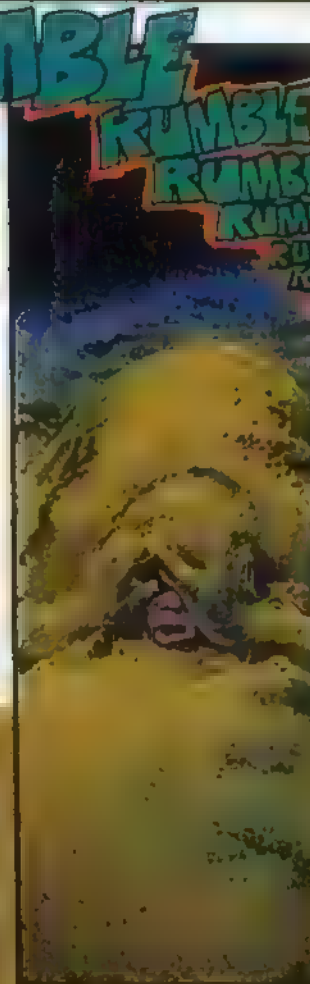
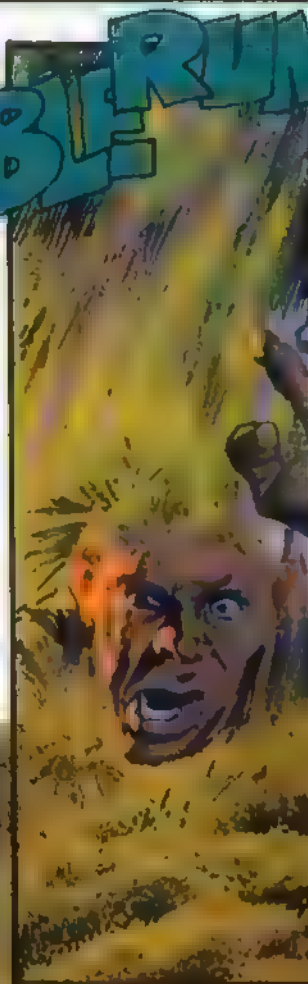


RUMBLE  
RUMBLE

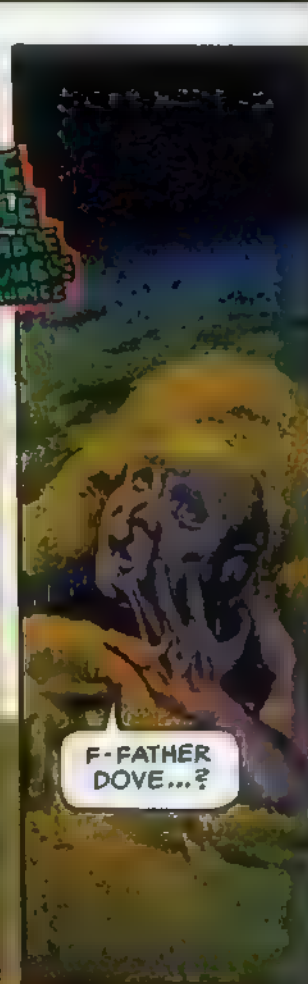
RUMBLE  
RUMBLE



THUMF



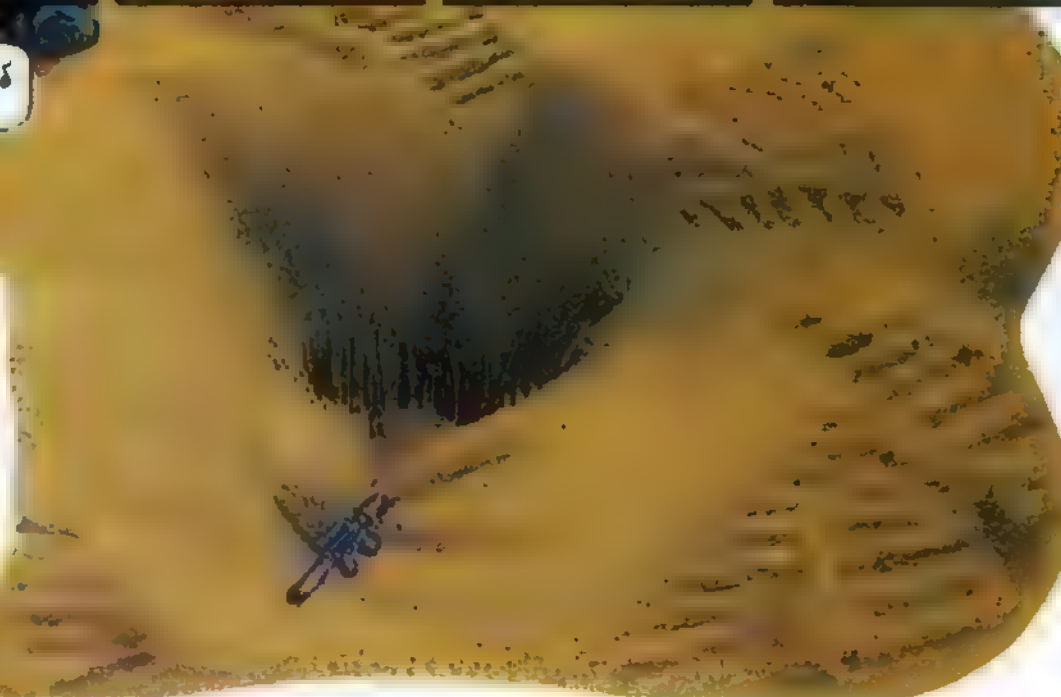
RUMBLE  
RUMBLE  
RUMBLE  
RUMBLE  
RUMBLE  
RUMBLE



F-FATHER  
DOVE...?

...FATHER?  
& DOVE?

DIMENTO LISTENS TO THE  
HISSING SAND AND WATCHES  
THE PRIEST'S GUN SINK  
SLOWLY BENEATH THE SURFACE.  
HE DOES NOT MOVE. SOON, NO  
SIGN REMAINS OF FATHER  
DOVE OR OF THE GREAT HOLE  
THAT HAS TAKEN HIM...  
TO HEAVEN!





# MESSIAH



LET ME ASK YOU...! HAVE YOU  
EVER MADE IT WITH ANALTARIAN  
*SLIME BEAR?*

OR GONE DOWN ON A MIMASIAN  
*NYMPHWORM?*

I HAVE! THAT'S MY *JOB!* I'M  
A *SCIENTIST.* AND I SPECIALIZE  
IN THE SCIENCE OF *SEX.*

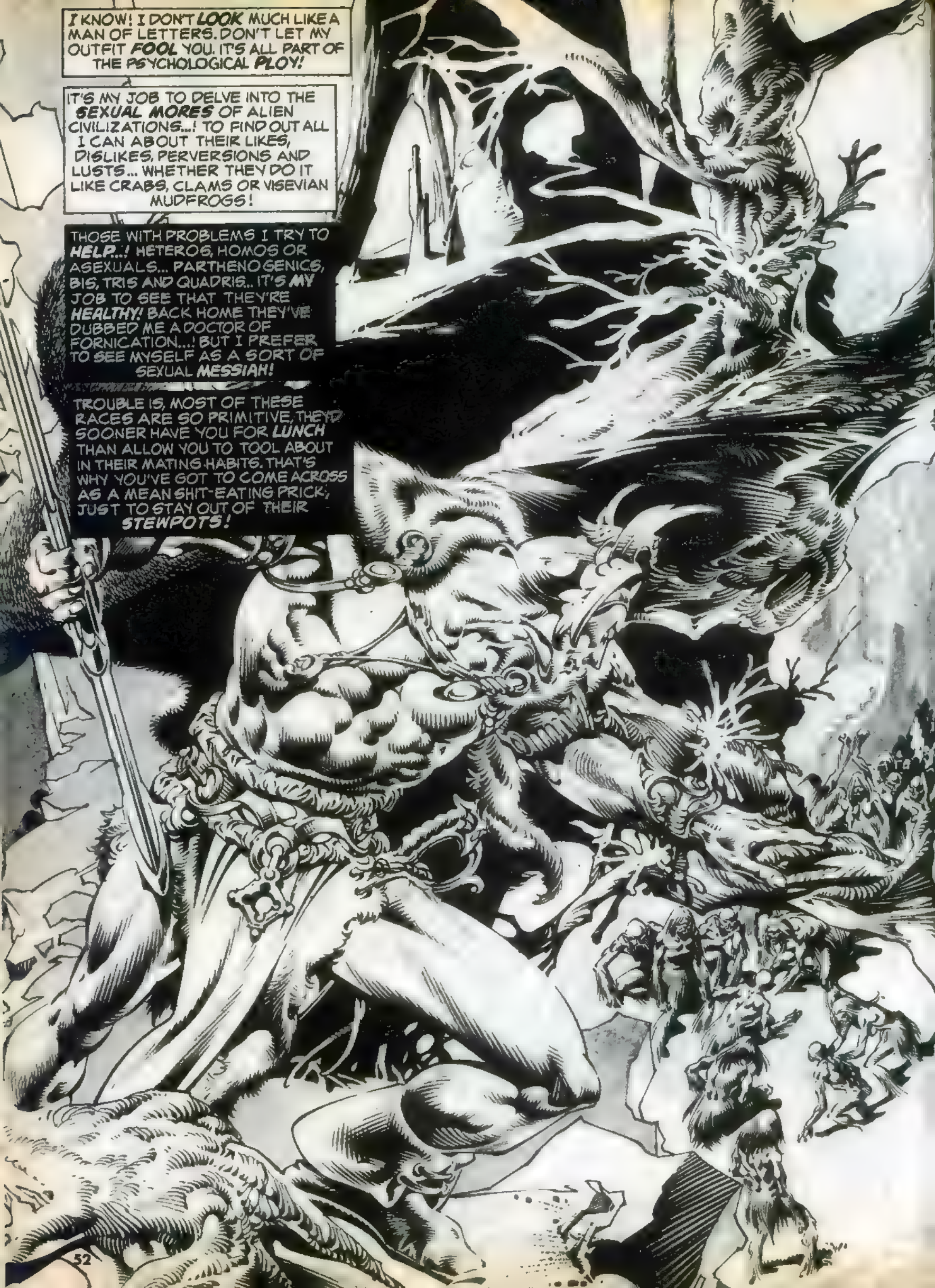


I KNOW! I DON'T **LOOK** MUCH LIKE A MAN OF LETTERS. DON'T LET MY OUTFIT **FOOL** YOU. IT'S ALL PART OF THE **PSYCHOLOGICAL PLOY!**

IT'S MY JOB TO DELVE INTO THE **SEXUAL MORES** OF ALIEN CIVILIZATIONS...! TO FIND OUT ALL I CAN ABOUT THEIR LIKES, DISLIKES, PERVERSIONS AND LUSTS... WHETHER THEY DO IT LIKE CRABS, CLAMS OR VISEVIAN MUDFROGS!

THOSE WITH PROBLEMS I TRY TO **HELP...**! HETEROS, HOMOS OR ASEXUALS... PARTHENOGENICS, BIS, TRIS AND QUADRI... IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT THEY'RE **HEALTHY!** BACK HOME THEY'VE DUBBED ME A DOCTOR OF FORNICATION...! BUT I PREFER TO SEE MYSELF AS A SORT OF **SEXUAL MESSIAH!**

TROUBLE IS, MOST OF THESE RACES ARE SO PRIMITIVE, THEY'D SOONER HAVE YOU FOR **LUNCH** THAN ALLOW YOU TO TOOL ABOUT IN THEIR MATING HABITS. THAT'S WHY YOU'VE GOT TO COME ACROSS AS A MEAN SHIT-EATING PRICK, JUST TO STAY OUT OF THEIR **STEWPOTS!**





THE PART I LIKE BEST ABOUT MY WORK IS GETTING INTO MY STUDIES *FIRSTHAND*, SO TO SPEAK.

THEY SAY YOU'VE GOT TO BE A LITTLE *BENT* TO ENJOY THIS LINE OF ENDEAVOR. BUT LET ME TELL YOU... YOU HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED ECSTASY UNTIL YOU'VE HAD YOUR AXLE GREASED BY A *SINOPIAN LECH BLOB*.

SOME GO AS FAR AS TO CALL US *REAMING RAPISTS*. BUT LOOK, MAN... IF WE *RESEARCHERS* DIDN'T DO WHAT WE WERE PAID FOR, MANKIND WOULD STILL BE IN THE DARK AGES WHEN IT CAME TO INTERGALACTIC COHABITATION.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE *OPEN* ABOUT THESE THINGS. SHRUG OFF YOUR HANG-UPS. *EXPERIENCE...*! THAT'S WHAT LIFE'S ALL ABOUT!





OH SURE, WE'VE GOT SOME SICKIES AND WIERDOES IN THE CORPS... RESEARCHERS WHO DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE WORK AND ARE IN IT JUST FOR THE KICKS. BUT THOSE KIND OF PERVERTS YOU'LL FIND ANYWHERE, YOU'VE GOT TO DISCOUNT THE FEW AND CREDIT THE MANY WITH THE FINE JOB WE'RE DOING IN UP-DATING THE MORAL ATTITUDES OF THE CIVILIZED GALAXY.

THIS ISN'T THE CUSHIEST JOB YOU KNOW, IT'S FRAUGHT WITH VERY REAL DANGERS. YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE US CREDIT FOR OUR BALLS. A LOT OF THESE RACES HAVE PROBLEMS! THEY'RE BACKWARDS, DIRTY, AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THEY SMELL WORSE THAN THE DUNG MUNCHERS OF ODIOUS III.

I WON'T TRY TO FOOL YOU, THEY'VE GOT DISEASES, SOME OF THEM SPORT CRABS THE SIZE OF YOUR FIST. I ONCE TRIED THIS PHOBIAN FUZZWINK WITH PUDWORMS BIG ENOUGH TO CRIPPLE AN ELEPHANT. AND THOSE ARE THE KNOWN DISEASES. OUR GUYS PICK UP NEW ONES EVERY TRIP!

BUT VERY FEW RACES ARE HOPELESS, EXCEPT MAYBE THE SYPHMEN OF OFFAL IV.

BESIDES WHICH... WE'VE GOT CURES FOR ANYTHING THESE DAYS, YOU CATCH SOMETHING NASTY, IT'S A SLIGHT INCONVENIENCE AT BEST.

NOW TAKE THESE SCREAMING MOTHER-EATERS. PRIMITIVES, RIGHT? UH UH! DON'T LET THOSE DULL, VACANT EYES FOOL YOU. THESE ARE HIGHLY-INTELLIGENT, CREATURES WHO'VE HAD THE GENETIC MISFORTUNE TO EVOLVE INTO THE EQUIVALENT OF WARTHOGS!

THE GUNS BACK AT THE CLINIC CLAIM THAT THEY'RE THE BEST LAYS IN THE SECTOR, BUT TOUCHY. SHEEEEEEE-IT! TRYING TO GET NEAR THEM IS LIKE JUMPING INTO A POOL OF HIMALAYAN DEATHSNAKES.

ONE GETS THE IMPRESSION THEY EITHER LOATHE SEX... OR THAT THEY'RE DEFINITELY NOT INTO TRYING SOMETHING NEW!





THEY WEREN'T **ALWAYS** THIS WAY. ONCE, A **LONG** TIME AGO, THESE CREATURES WERE SUPPOSEDLY ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND INTELLIGENT SPECIES IN THE GALAXY...!

THEIR FEATURES WERE SO FAIR, THEIR PROPOGATION RIGHTS SO PLEASUREABLE, IT'S SAID THEIR ENTIRE LIVES WERE CENTERED AROUND THE FINE ART OF **LOVE**...!

IT'S RUMORED THAT THIS WORLD WAS A SHANGRI-LA...! WHEN THEY WEREN'T INDULGING THEIR LUST, THEY WERE BASKING IN ITS WARM AFTERGLOW. THEY ORGIED THEIR WAY NON-STOP THROUGH LIFE, FORNICATING THEMSELVES INTO THEIR GRAVES...!



OF COURSE, THEY CAME TO A POINT IN THEIR HISTORY WHEN THE ALARMISTS, AS THEY SEEM TO DO IN SO MANY SEX-ORIENTED SOCIETIES, YELLED "OVERPOPULATION!"

INSTEAD, HOWEVER, OF **IGNORING** THE PESSIMISTS, THE USUAL COURSE OF NON-ACTION... THE NATIVES MADE THE MISTAKE OF SEEKING THE ADVICE OF THEIR MOST "**KNOWLEDGEABLE**" MEN. AND, AS ALWAYS, A SOLUTION WAS SET UPON WHICH **CREATED MORE PROBLEMS THAN IT RESOLVED.**

SOME SEX-DETESTING SCHOLAR, WHO NO DOUBT HAD NEVER BEEN LAID IN HIS LIFE, CONCOCTED A GENETIC **SERUM** WHICH HE CLAIMED WOULD **REGULATE** THE POPULATION ONCE AND FOR ALL.

THE GOVERNMENT, COMPOSED OF THE SAME BRAND OF MADMEN WHO USUALLY FIND THEIR WAY INTO SUCH POSITIONS OF POWER, **RELEASED** THE SERUM INTO THE ATMOSPHERE, AND AWAITED THE "MIRACULOUS" RESULTS...!

IT **WORKED**, OF COURSE. SOME WILL ARGUE THAT IT WORKED **TOO WELL.** IT ALTERED THE POPULATION'S GENES INTO THOSE AKIN TO **WARTHOGS!**

THE RATIONALE WAS FLAWLESSLY **LOGICAL...** WHO AFTER ALL, WANTS TO MAKE IT WITH A **WARTHOG!?**

AS ANTICIPATED, THE POPULATION'S BEEN **DWINDLING** EVER SINCE!





IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY THE CREATURES OF THIS WORLD DON'T MUCH CARE FOR SCIENTISTS, ESPECIALLY SCIENTISTS SPECIALIZING IN **SEX**. THEY'VE BEEN KIND OF UPTIGHT EVER SINCE THEIR "ACCIDENT," AS THEY'VE COME TO CALL IT.

THEY DID AWAY WITH THEIR OWN MEN OF SCIENCE, AND THEIR GOVERNMENT LEADERS, TOO, NATURALLY. THE LUCKY ONES THEY HUNG. THE REST THEY CHOPPED INTO TINY PIECES AND SCATTERED THE REMNANTS TO THE WINDS.

OH, THEY STILL KEEP SOME OF THE OLD LASS AROUND, PLACES LIKE THESE THAT ARE ALL BUT ABANDONED.

I HEAR TELL THEY DO **UNSPEAKABLE** THINGS TO ANYONE THEY REMOTELY SUSPECT IS IN SCIENCE OR GOVERNMENT.

WE'VE LOST **EIGHT** RESEARCHERS FROM THE CLINIC TO DATE. SOME OF THE MEANEST, TOUGHEST, KINKIEST MOTHERS THIS SIDE OF THE ANDROMEDA FREEWAY.

OF COURSE, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN THE TYPE OF GUNS YOU'D ENDEAR TO YOUR HEARTS. NONETHELESS, THEY'VE BEEN **GOOD RESEARCHERS** WHO'VE CURED MANY BACKWARDS WORLDS WITH PROBLEMS OF PROCREATION.


**THAT'S** THEM, FLOATING IN THE SLUSH TANKS, YONDER, SLAUGHTERED MESSIAHS ALL... **REJECTED** BY THOSE THEY WERE SENT HERE TO **HELP!**

THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS **BANG BANG MAXWELL** OF THE FAMOUS SILVER "HAMMER," ONE OF THE MORE PERVERSE OF OUR ELITE GROUP. HIS SPECIALTY WAS INDUCING GREAT AMOUNTS OF HIGHLY-EROTIC PAIN, CLAWING, NATURALLY, THAT IT WAS EXCEEDINGLY SEXUALLY THERAPEUTIC.

NEXT TO HIM FLOATS **DIPSTICK JONES**, THE SCOURGE OF THE FEMININE PORTION OF THE GALAXY. THE OTHERS ARE LEO THE PORK, PETER PORK, BIG BANANA JOHNSON, AND THE SHVANTZ BROTHERS!

CONTRARY TO THE WAY THEY LOOK, EACH WAS AN **INTELLIGENT** SORT WHO KNEW THIS WORLD WOULD BE A CHALLENGE... BUT SAW IT AS SORT OF A SEXUAL **CONQUEST**... AN UNDEFEATED **THREAT** TO THEIR SEXUALLY-SECURE **EGO!**





AS FOR ME...! **YEAH!** I KNEW WHAT I WAS  
GETTING INTO WHEN I DREW THIS  
ASSIGNMENT, TOO! I KNEW THESE  
HUMANOIDS OF UHRTH, OR **EARTH** AS  
THEY CALL IT, WOULD VERY POSSIBLY NAIL  
ME TO THE WALL. BUT I LOOK AT IT THIS  
WAY...! IF I COULD HAVE CURED THEIR  
SELF-INFLICTED INHIBITIONS, I'D BE  
HAVING THE **TIME** OF MY YOUNG LIFE.

AND IF NOT...! WELL... THERE'S ALWAYS  
THE **BRIGHT** SIDE. I'VE MADE IT WITH  
DEIMIAN **LOVE SLUGS**, LYSITHEAN **WHIP-  
LIZARDS**, AND ELARIAN **SNATCHBOARDS**  
BY THE SCORE. I'VE PLOWED PASIPHAEN  
**PUSSQUID**, RHEAN **FUZZ ROCKS** AND  
UMBREILIAN **PRICKLE-BOAR**, ALL IN  
THE NAME OF SCIENCE. I'VE BROUGHT  
**HAPPINESS** TO WORLDS, AND ECSTASY  
TO FACES. I'VE OVERCOME OCEANS OF  
SEXUAL REPRESSANTS AND HAVE LED  
THE NEW WAVE OF THE PROMISCUOUSLY  
LIBERAL FUTURE. THERE ISN'T ANY-  
THING I HAVEN'T **SEEN**. THERE ISN'T  
ANYONE I HAVEN'T **DONE**. WHAT MORE  
COULD ANYMAN ASK!?

IF ONLY THE EARTHANS HADN'T BEEN  
SO **HUNG UP**, THE THINGS I COULD  
HAVE **TAUGHT** THEM...! BUT THEY'VE  
GOT THIS THING FOR DOING IN THEIR  
MESSIAHS, AND WHO CAN BLAME  
THEM. THEY'VE BEEN SO OFTEN LED  
WRONG.

BUT I DON'T FAULT THEM. I BEAR  
THEM NO **GRUDGE**! ANYONE WHO  
CAN MAKE IT WITH A **WARTHOG**...  
IS STILL ALL RIGHT BY ME!



HOMUNCULUS RETCH WAS A STARPILOT. THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HE WAS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST STARPILOTS IN ALL THE CIVILIZED GALAXIES. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE ILL-FATED BLITZEN EXPEDITION... THE DISASTEROUS CRUISE WHICH SHAPED HIM INTO THE MOST INFAMOUS STARCAPTAIN IN THE SPACEWAYS!

# don't call me... maneater!

ARRRRGH! IT'S HIM! HOMUNCULUS RETCH, THE CANNIBAL!

ΣΛΣΣΤΙΣ!

NO SHIT!? THE INFAMOUS MAN-EATING MARSUVIAN?

THE ONE AND ONLY! SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE TERRIBLE BLITZEN TRAGEDY... MAROONED ON THAT BARREN ASTEROID FOR THREE AND A HALF LONG, LONELY YEARS... WITH NOTHING TO EAT EXCEPT FORTY-TWO OF HIS CREWMEN!

GAHHH! I THOUGHT THEY WERE GONNA VAPORIZE HIM FOR MANSLAUGHTER.

I HEAR TELL HIS RICH WIFE GOT HIM OFF.

NOW! THEY GAVE HIM A MEDAL AND TOLD HIM NEVER TO DO IT AGAIN.

HEY, BARKEEP! YOU GONNA ALLOW THAT... THAT MANEATER IN HERE W/TH 16 CIVILIZED PEOPLE!?

CHRIST! MAKE ONE LITTLE MISTAKE AND YOU'RE LABLED FOR LIFE!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, TRUMPET EARS? YOU GOT SOME OBJECTION T' SERVIN' ME?

WHY... ER... NO, CAPTAIN RETCH! IT'S A PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH THE FAMOUS "HERO" OF BLITZEN

GOOD! THEN G'MME A BLOODY MARY...





...AND THOSE TWO LITTLE  
FUR BURGERS OVER THERE!

B-BUT, SIR-IER...  
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO-!?!

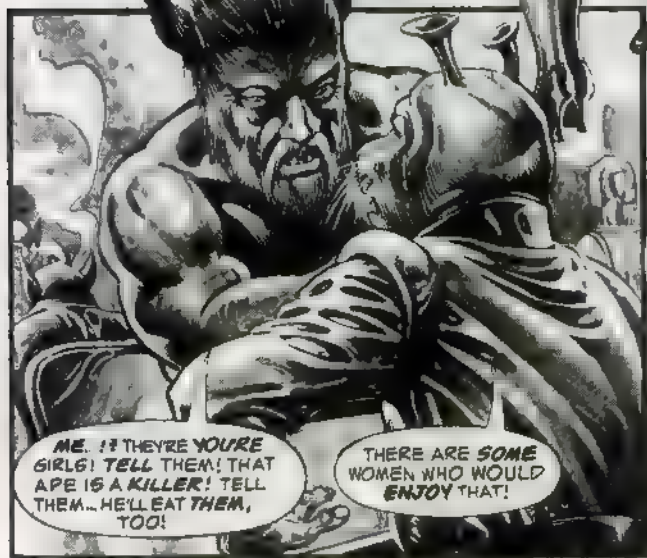
OH, FUZZY! HOW COULD YOU  
THINK SUCH A THING? I'M SURE  
THAT A BIG HUNK OF MAN LIKE  
CAPTAIN RETCH JUST WANTS  
TO "UNWIND" AFTER HIS  
TERRIBLE ORDEAL! ISN'T  
THAT RIGHT, CAPTAIN?



YOU'RE MORE  
THAN WE CAN  
TO STOP HIM...  
IF YOU CAN!

NOOO! YOU'RE NOT  
GONNA LET THAT  
ANTHROPOPHAGIAN  
WALK OUT OF HERE WITH  
HIS NEXT BOXED LUNCH?

MMMMMMMM  
I'M GONNA BE EATIN'  
AT THE Y T'NIGHT!



ME. IF THEY'RE YOUR  
GIRLS! TELL THEM! THAT  
APE IS A KILLER! TELL  
THEM... HE'LL EAT THEM,  
TOO!

THERE ARE SOME  
WOMEN WHO WOULD  
ENJOY THAT!



WHY YOU WISE-  
ASS-SON-OF-A--!

C'MON, CRABBS!  
LEAVE HIM ALONE!

SO RETCH WENT OFF  
WITH A COUPLE OF GIRLS  
BIG DEAL!



IT IS A BIG DEAL!  
THAT MONSTER EATS  
FORTY-TWO PEOPLE...  
AMONG THEM, MY  
KID BROTHER...AND  
YOU BUFFOONS TREAT  
HIM LIKE NOTHING'S  
HAPPENED!

SO THAT'S IT, HUH,  
CRABBS!? YOUR BROTHER  
WAS ON THE BLITZEN  
EXPECTION... WE DIDN'T  
KNOW!

THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU OR ANYONE ELSE  
CAN DO ABOUT IT  
NOW RETCH HAS BEEN  
CLEARED, AS FAR AS  
WE'RE CONCERNED, IT'S  
HISTORY!

HE ATE MY BROTHER!  
THE ANIMAL! I'LL MAKE  
HIM PAY!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO  
DO ANYTHING BUT CALM  
DOWN, HOTHEAD!



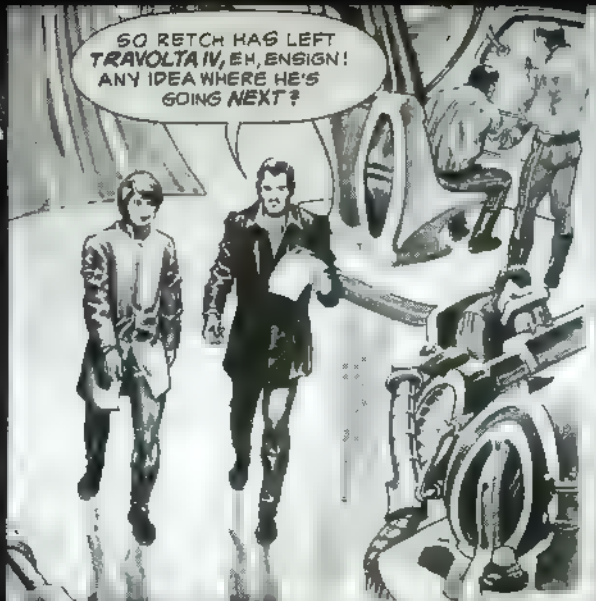
YOU'RE A PILOT! WE'RE ALL  
PILOTS! AND WE'VE GOT  
TO STICK TOGETHER!

RETSCH DIDN'T DO ANYTHING  
ANY ONE OF US WOULDN'T  
HAVE DONE IN A SIMILAR  
SITUATION...! IT WAS DETEST-  
ABLE! IT WAS DISGUSTING!  
BUT HE DID IT TO SURVIVE!

I'LL HAVE HIS  
ASS, Y'HEAR ME!  
I'LL NAIL HIM FOR  
WHAT HE DID!



THERE WERE OTHERS, TOO, INTERESTED IN CAPTAIN HOMUNCULUS RETCH...: THE HEADS OF THE STAR PILOTS ASSOCIATION WERE MONITORING HIS EVERY MOVE..!



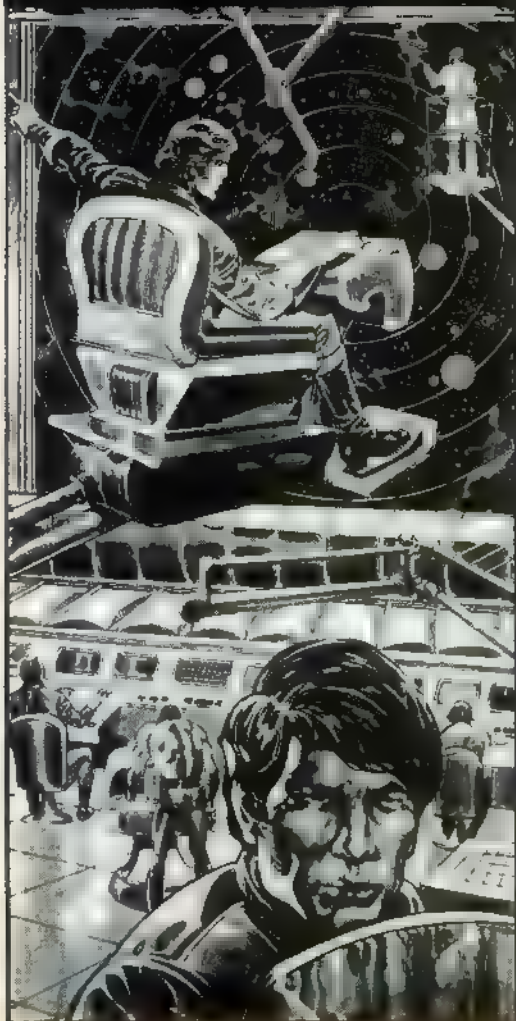
HE SEEMS TO BE HEADED TOWARDS THE FRONTIER FRINGES, SIR... HOPPING FROM PLANET TO PLANET AS IF ON SOME MYSTERIOUS QUEST..!

HOW MANY PLANETS HAS HE VISITED SINCE THE BOARD CLEARED HIM OF MURDER?

ABOUT THREE, SIR! AND THE NUMBER IS GOING UP DAILY!!



OUR MEN ARE KEEPING A CONSTANT WATCH ON HIM, JUST AS YOU'VE REQUESTED BUT WE'RE STILL NOT SURE WHAT IT IS THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING FOR, SIR!



"YOU MIGHT SAY WE'RE JUST LOOKING AFTER OUR OWN, ENSIGN. THERE ARE THOSE RACES WHO FEEL RETCH IS A HERO FOR SURVIVING HIS APPALLING ORDEAL...!"



"THEY WELCOME HIM TO THEIR WORLD.. SHOWER HIM WITH THEIR UNDYING LOVE! THESE ARE SIMPLE SENSITIVE PEOPLE WHO UNDERSTAND WHAT RETCH HAS UNDERGONE. UNFORTUNATELY, MOST OF THOSE RACES TEND TO BE CANNIBALISTIC THEMSELVES!"

"WE'VE GOTTEN WORD THAT THERE ARE OTHERS, HOWEVER, NOT SO UNDERSTANDING... I AM AN ELITE BAND OF MERCINARIES WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING UNTIL THE CREW OF THE BLITZEN EXPEDITION IS AVENGED!"



THEY'VE ALL LOST LOVED ONES ON BLITZEN. BUT MY MONEY SAYS CRABES WILL BE THE ONE TO SNARE RETCH FOR YOU! HE'S THE BADDEST OF THE BAD, AND HE DOESN'T CARE A THING ABOUT THE REWARD YOU'VE OFFERED!





WE JUST WANT TO LOOK AFTER OUR BOY RETCH, ENSIGN. THAT'S ALL...! AND BE THERE IF AND WHEN HE NEEDS US.

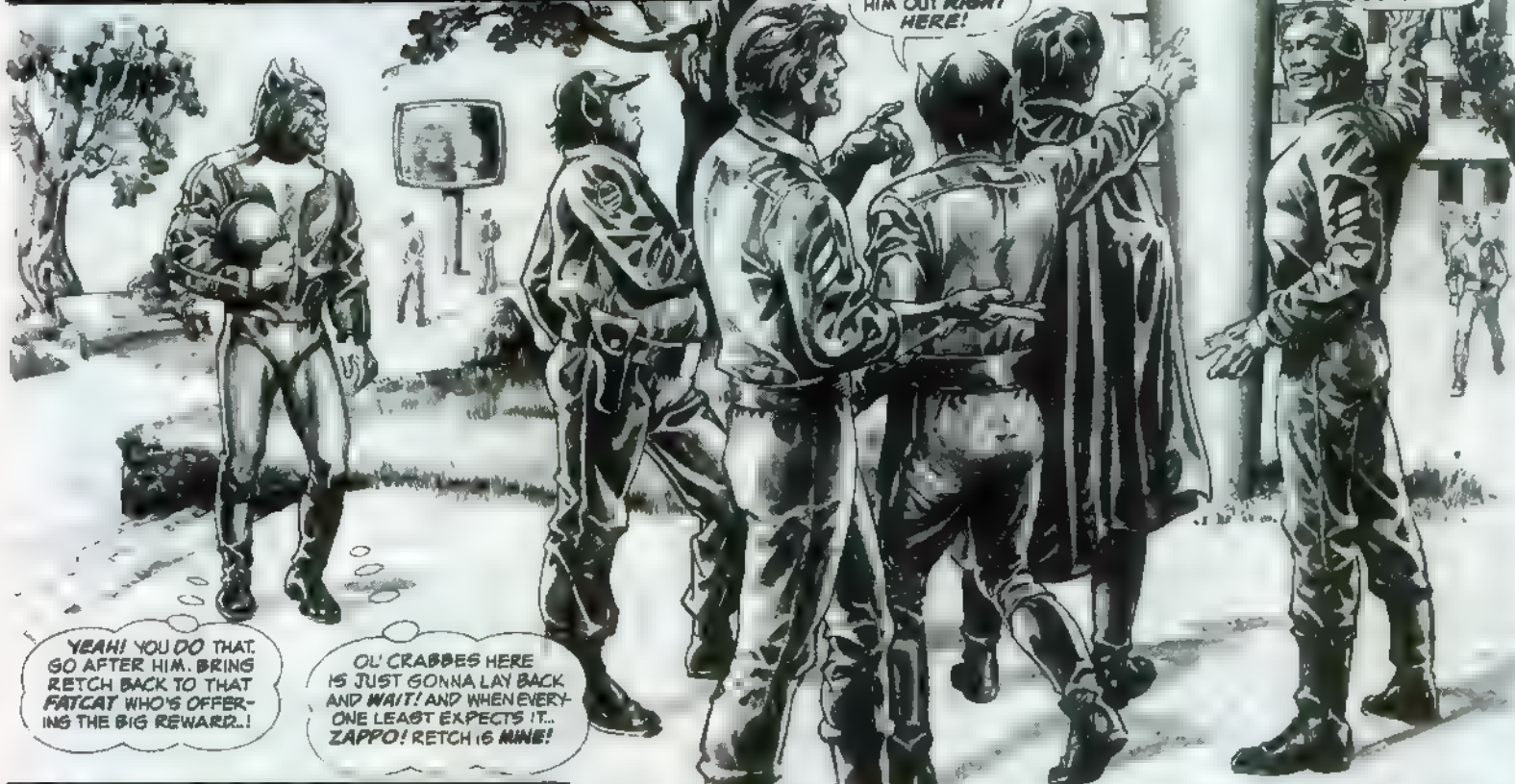
MEANWHILE...ON ONE OF THOSE SMALL, INCONSEQUENTIAL WORLDS OF THE NEW FRONTIER, ALL BUT ONE MEMBER OF THE MERCINARY BAND SHOUTS WITH JUBILATION...

HE'S HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...! HOMUNCULUS RETCH... FAMOUS SURVIVOR OF THE WORST TRAGEDY...

HA! HA! HEAR THAT, GUYS!? RETCH HAS FINALLY WALKED INTO OUR HANDS!

WE CAN TAKE HIM OUT RIGHT HERE!

AT LAST HE'LL PAY FOR HIS FREE LUNCH ON BLITZEN...! AND WE'LL PICK UP A NICE FAT BOUNTY!



YEAH! YOU DO THAT. GO AFTER HIM. BRING RETCH BACK TO THAT FATCAT WHO'S OFFERING THE BIG REWARD...

OU CRABBS HERE IS JUST GONNA LAY BACK AND WAIT! AND WHENEVER ONE LEAST EXPECTS IT... ZAPPO! RETCH IS MINE!

AND...IN AN OBSCURE, RUNDOWN LITTLE TAVERN, A STONES-THROW FROM THE SPACEPORT...

HA! HA! HA! OH, HOMC... YOU'RE SUCH A CARD! YOU SLAY ME!

TELL ME AGAIN HOW THEY SQUIRMED WHEN YOU TURNED THEM ON THE SPIT!

AH, LOTTA DOLL... IT WAS BEAUTIFUL! THEY WIGGLED LIKE SIZZLING RIGILIAN BLOODWORMS BUT WERE A THOUSAND TIMES MORE TASTY!

I'VE HAD A HANKERIN' FOR HUMANOID PIE THAT'S BEEN NAGGIN' AT ME EVER SINCE...! AND WHEN I LOOK AT YOU, LOTTA BABE, MY MOUTH WATERS AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT A TRULY EXQUISITE CHAR-BROILED OISH YOU'D MAKE!



I'VE SCOURED THE BEST TAVERNS ON THE FRONTIER, TRYIN' TO FIND A MEAL TO MATCH IT!



OH, HOMC...! YOU'RE SO ROMANTIC!



QUICK, GUYS! HE'S IN HERE... MAKIN' TIME WITH SOME FAT BROAD!

ANHHH! WE'VE GOT HIM NOW! THAT REWARD IS AS GOOD AS IN OUR POCKET!





REACH, RETCH!  
YOUR DAY OF  
RECKONING HAS  
COME!

I WAS BEGINNING  
TO WORRY THAT YOU  
HEADHUNTERS WOULD  
NEVER SHOW. I'VE  
BEEN EXPECTING YOU  
FOR SOME TIME!

OOOOOF!

OOPS! SORRY  
ABOUT THAT,  
LOTTA!

WELL... IF WE'RE GONNA  
DO IT... LET'S GET IT ON!

Y'GOTTA UNDERSTAND.  
I AIN'T GOING BACK WITH-  
OUT A FIGHT!

GAAAAAAA!

ARKKK!

I'M A LITTLE  
DISAPPOINTED IN  
THE ODDS, THOUGH...  
IT'S ONLY TWENTY-  
TO-ONE!

SNAP

ASHHHHLL!

CRACK

ARKKK!

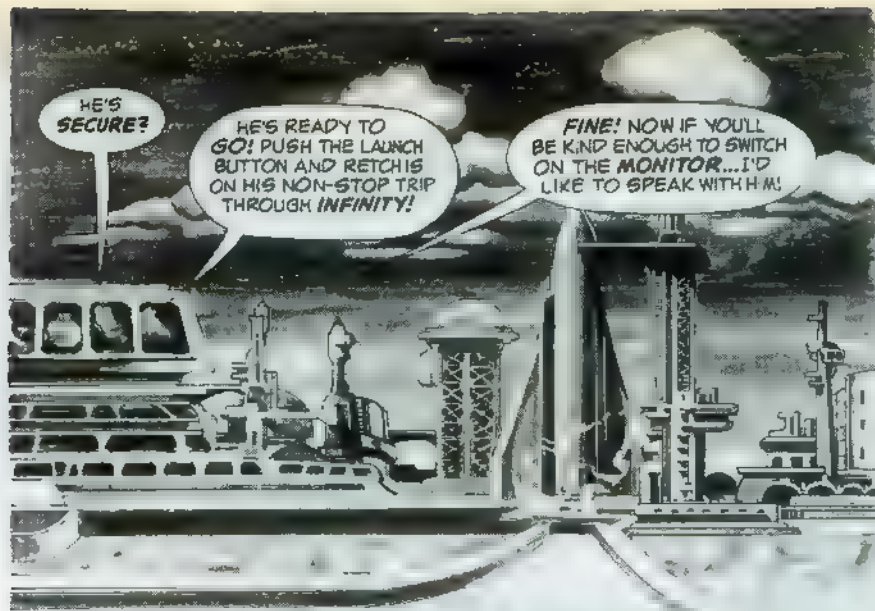
I WAS SO SURE  
THEY WOULD HAVE AT  
LEAST SENT A  
BRIGADE!

ON YOUR FEET,  
RETECH!

YOU'VE GOT  
A ROCKET TO  
CATCH.

THE MAN WHO HIRED  
US WANTS YOU SENT ON  
A ONE-WAY TRIP TO  
OBLIVION!





HE'S  
SECURE?

HE'S READY TO  
GO! PUSH THE LAUNCH  
BUTTON AND RETCH IS  
ON HIS NON-STOP TRIP  
THROUGH INFINITY!

FINE! NOW IF YOU'LL  
BE KIND ENOUGH TO SWITCH  
ON THE MONITOR...I'D  
LIKE TO SPEAK WITH HIM!



HELLO HONG! I'M  
SORRY WE'VE HAD TO  
TREAT YOU SO HARSHLY.

LYLA! I NEVER WOULD  
HAVE BELIEVED YOU WERE  
BEHIND THIS! DON'T YOU  
THINK A DIVORCE WOULD'VE  
BEEN A WHOLE LOT  
SIMPLER!

IT'S NOT ME, HONG! IT'S  
DADDY! HE HIRED THE  
MERCINARIES! YOU KNOW  
HOW HE ALWAYS WORRIES  
ABOUT THE FAMILY  
NAME!



HE WANTS YOU GONE...  
OUT OF THE WAY FOR GOOD!  
WITHOUT YOU RUNNING  
AROUND, DADDY FIGURES  
PEOPLE WILL SOON FOR-  
GET THAT HIS PRECIOUS  
BABY WAS EVER MARRIED  
TO A MANEATER!

IF IT WERE UP TO ME,  
OF COURSE, EVERYTHING  
WOULD BE LIKE OLD-  
TIMES...

SO YOU ATE THREE  
OR FOUR DOZEN PEOPLE!  
I FORGIVE YOU! IT'S DADDY!  
YOU KNOW HE'S ALWAYS BEEN  
SO OLD-FASHIONED!



YOU CAN  
TELL DADDY  
HE CAN EASE  
IT UP HIS A--

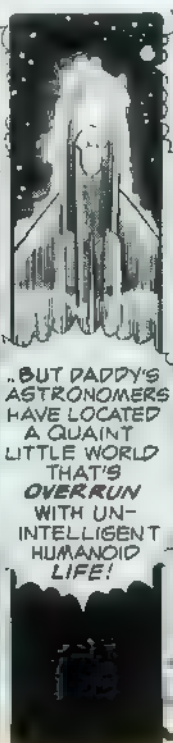


TCH! TCH!  
YOU SHOULDN'T  
BE TOO UPSET  
WITH HIM,  
DARLING...HE  
ISN'T AS  
HEARTLESS AS  
HE SEEMS!

HE DOES  
HAVE YOUR  
BEST INTERESTS  
AT HEART!



THIS STARCRAFT,  
FOR INSTANCE...  
IT'S TRUE THAT  
IT'S ROCKETING  
YOU FAR OUT  
OF THE KNOWN  
GALAXY..



..BUT DADDY'S  
ASTRONOMERS  
HAVE LOCATED  
A QUIANT  
LITTLE WORLD  
THAT'S  
OVERRUN  
WITH UN-  
INTELLIGENT  
HUMANOID  
LIFE!



DADDY FIGURES  
THAT'S THE  
PERFECT PLACE  
FOR YOU... NOW  
THAT YOU'VE  
ACQUIRED A TASTE  
FOR HUMAN  
MEAT!

M-MEAT!?



DID YOU JUST  
SAY THAT DADDY'S  
SENDING ME TO AN UN-  
CHARTED WORLD  
JUST TEEMING WITH  
HUMANOID MEAT?

SATURATED WITH  
IT, MY LOVE! YOU CAN IN-  
DULGE YOUR WILDEST  
WHIMS!

MMMMMM-MMMMM  
ECSTASY! HEAVEN HERE I  
COME!





I'M SORRY I WON'T BE SEEN' YOU AGAIN, DOLL...! BUT THE WAY IT'S WORKING OUT, I'M SURE IT'S FOR THE BETTER!

YOU GIVE MY REGARDS TO DADDY! THANK HIM FOR ME, AND TELL HIM ALL IS FORGIVEN...!

WILL DO, LOVER! LIVE LONG AND HAPPY...



AND TRY NOT TO GET TOO FAT!



JUST THINK A WHOLE PLANET OF PRIMER B-... HUH! HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

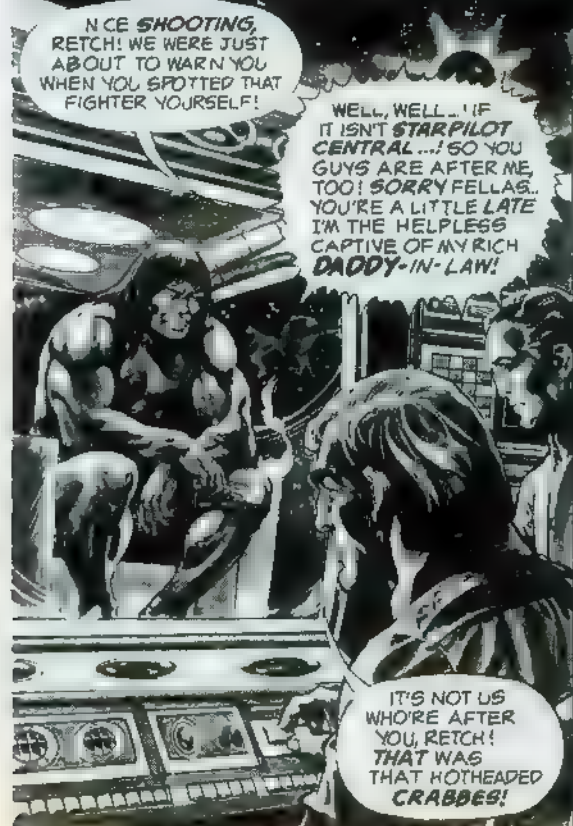
THERE'S A STARFIGHTER ON MY TAIL...! LINING UP TO TAKE ME OUT!

THINK FAST, HOMC...! PUT ON THAT BRAKE AND PRAY!



LET THE BOGIE SAIL AHEAD OF YOU...

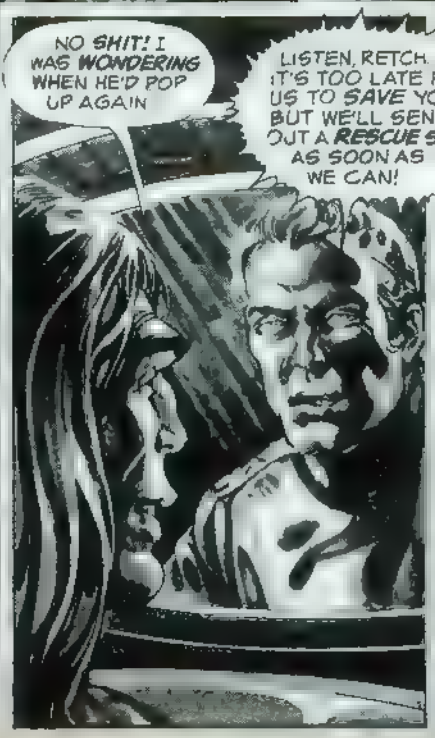
THEN BLOW THE BASTARD TO SMITHEREENS!



NCE SHOOTING, RETCH! WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO WARN YOU WHEN YOU SPOTTED THAT FIGHTER YOURSELF!

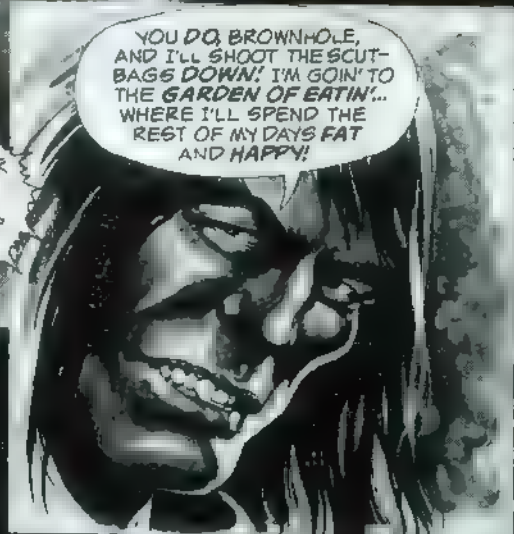
WELL, WELL...! IF IT ISN'T STARPILOT CENTRAL...! SO YOU GUYS ARE AFTER ME, TOO! SORRY FELLAS... YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE I'M THE HELPLESS CAPTIVE OF MY RICH DADDY-IN-LAW!

IT'S NOT US WHO'RE AFTER YOU, RETCH! THAT WAS THAT HOTHEADED CRABBS!



NO SHIT! I WAS WONDERING WHEN HE'D POP UP AGAIN

LISTEN, RETCH...! IT'S TOO LATE FOR US TO SAVE YOU, BUT WE'LL SEND OUT A RESCUE SHIP AS SOON AS WE CAN!



YOU DO, BROWNHOLE, AND I'LL SHOOT THE SCUT-BAGS DOWN! I'M GOIN' TO THE GARDEN OF EATIN'... WHERE I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS FAT AND HAPPY!

AS I UNDERSTAND IT...IT'S A DRAB LITTLE WORLD THAT CALLS ITSELF EARTH...!

AND IT'S JUST TEEMING WITH UN-INTELLIGENT LIFE!





THE STABILIZER LOCKED AS TRACY ORDERED THE REAR BALLAST TANKS FILLED. HE RAMMED THE HEEL OF HIS HAND AGAINST THE LEVER, ATTEMPTING TO JAM IT LOOSE. BUT THE DEVICE HELD FAST.

FAIRCHILD! INCREASE THE HYDRAULIC PRESSURE ON THE STABILIZER. IT'S JAMMED! AND UNLESS WE GET IT LOOSE, WE'RE LIABLE TO GO THROUGH A WALL.

AYE, SIR!

BEFORE THE COMMANDER'S EYES, THE PLASMA FLOWED IN STEADY CURRENTS. THE DOUGHNUT-SHAPED CELLS, BRIGHT RED IN COLOR, WOBBLED PAST HIS TINY SUB. BUT THE AMOEBOID, WHITE CELLS HOVERED UNEASILY ABOUT THE CRAFT BEFORE PASSING ON.

THE STABILIZER IS FREE, SIR.

THANK GOD. ALRIGHT, THEN, WE HAVE A VIRUS TO DESTROY. LET'S GET TO IT.

CARLSON IS DEPENDING ON US.

# THE MICROBE PATROL

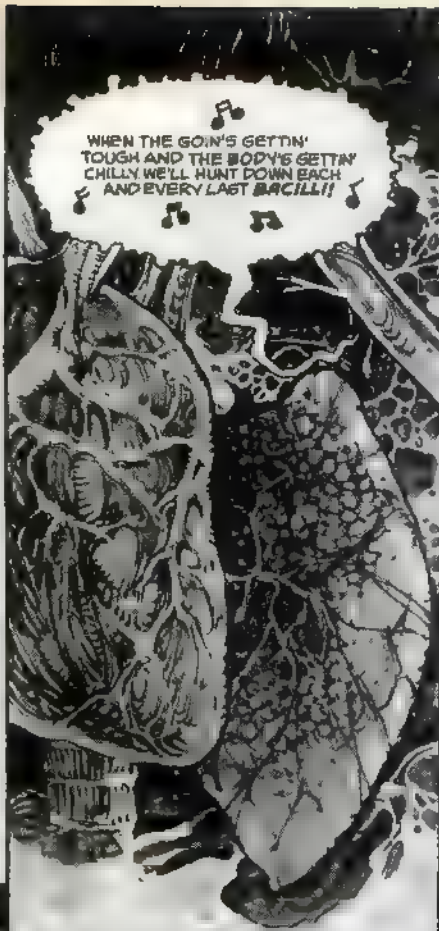
THEY CALLED THEIR CRAFT THE 'BUG'. AND UNDER COMMANDER 'NEEDLE' TRACY, MORALE WAS HIGH. THIS WAS THEIR TWENTY-FORTH EXCURSION INTO THE DISEASE RIDDEN CANALS... A JOURNEY AS UNCERTAIN AS A FLIGHT INTO SPACE. BUT THEY BELIEVED IN THEIR MISSION. AND THEY ENJOYED THE ELEMENT OF DANGER!

THE HUMAN BODY IS OUR HOME! THRU ARTERIES WE ROAM! THE GERMS WE GO A KILLIN'... WE'RE AS GOOD AS PENICILLIN!

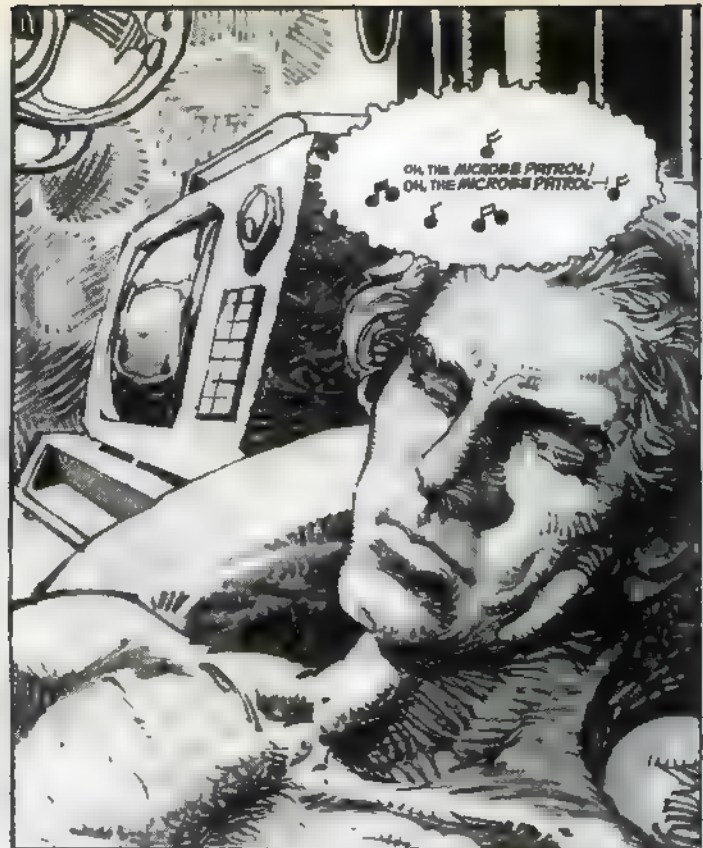




OH, THE MICROBE PATROL!  
OH, THE MICROBE PATROL!  
WE KEEP TOXINS  
UNDER CONTROL!



WHEN THE GOIN'S GETTIN'  
TOUGH AND THE BODY'S GETTIN'  
CHILLY WE'LL HUNT DOWN EACH  
AND EVERY LAST BACILLI!



OH, THE MICROBE PATROL!  
OH, THE MICROBE PATROL!



MR. CARLSON!  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

HUH? UH, YEAH!  
I'VE JUST GOT THIS  
WEIRD DAMN SONG  
RUNNIN' 'ROUND IN-  
SIDE MY HEAD. IT'S  
DRIVING ME  
CRAZY!



IT'S PROBABLY JUST TRACY  
AND HIS CREW. THEY'VE BEEN  
KNOWN TO GIVE THESE  
RECITALS. WE CALL THEM THE  
INTRAVENOUS TRIO!

A NERVE COULD BE PICKING UP  
SOUND VIBRATIONS AND TRANS-  
FERRING IT TO YOUR BRAIN!  
BE GRATEFUL. AT LEAST IT  
MEANS THEY'RE STILL THERE!

I HEARD THAT  
YOU'VE LOST A LOT  
OF THOSE MINI-CREWS!

YEAH! THEY SAY  
THAT SOMETHING  
IN THE BODY MUST  
DISSOLVE THEM!  
THEY STILL DON'T  
KNOW WHAT, YET!



HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE THEM  
TO DO THEIR JOB?

NOT LONG. I GUESS YOU'RE  
ANXIOUS TO GET INTO THAT  
GAME TOMORROW! I SAW  
YOU QUARTERBACK AGAINST  
L.A. LAST WEEK! YOU HAD  
SOME NICE MOVES!

DON'T WORRY. THIS IS  
THE QUICKEST WAY TO KILL  
YOUR VIRUS WITH NO AFTER  
EFFECTS!

MAYBE LATER  
YOU COULD...UH, SHOW  
ME HOW THEY REDUCE  
THOSE SUBS AND  
THEIR CREWS...IT MUST  
BE INTERESTING!





I HAVE A HALF HOUR BREAK PRETTY SOON. I COULD SHOW YOU A LOT, THEN!

YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME!



CAPTAIN, **BACTERIA** AHEAD? IT'S A MIXED BAG. **COCCI, SPIRAL** AND **BACILLUS!**

THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE AFTER, BUT WE'LL **CLEAN THEM UP!**



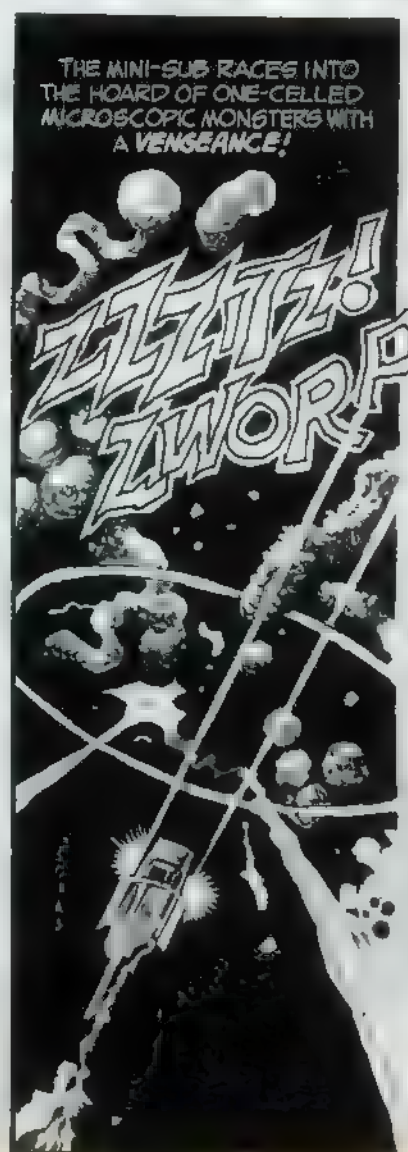
HOW'S THE **STABILIZER** HOLDING, FAIRCHILD?

I'M HAVING **INTERMITTENT TROUBLE** WITH IT, SIR. I MAY HAVE TO GO **OUTSIDE** FOR A LOOKSEE!



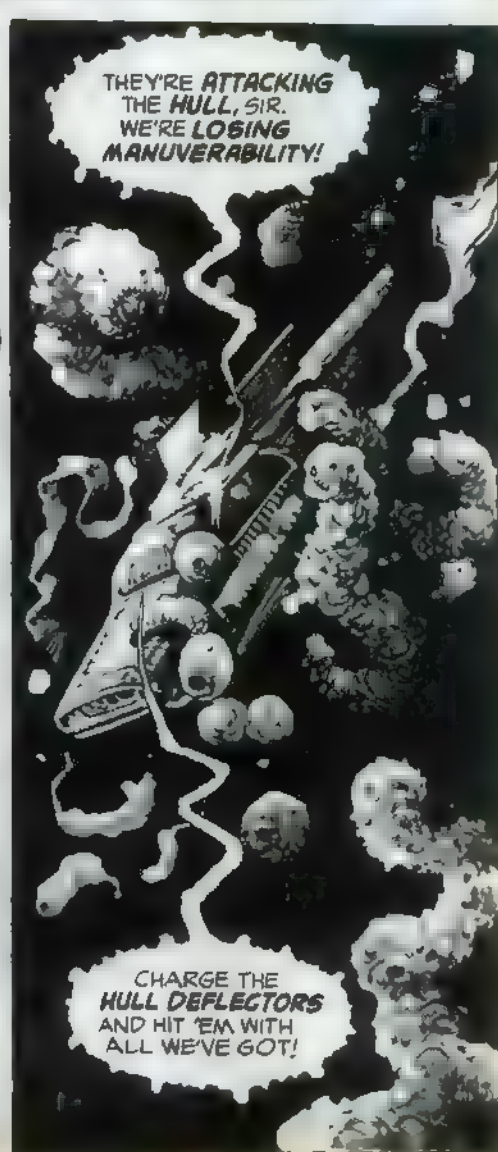
THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT! **GERMS** AHoy!

GEEZ, THE SKIPPER LOVES A BATTLE.



THE MINI-SUB RACES INTO THE HOARD OF ONE-CELLED MICROSCOPIC MONSTERS WITH A **VENGEANCE!**

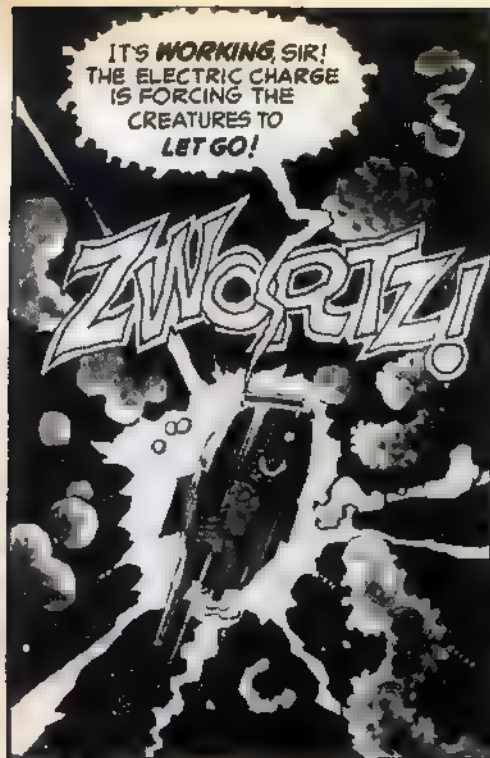
**ZEEZ!  
ZWORP!**



THEY'RE **ATTACKING** THE HULL, SIR. WE'RE **LOSING** MANUEVERABILITY!

CHARGE THE **HULL DEFLECTORS** AND HIT 'EM WITH ALL WE'VE GOT!









ARE YOU READY TO CHECK OUT THE STA--! OH, EXCUSE ME, FAIRCHILD!

COME IN, CAPTAIN. I'M ALMOST SUITED UP!



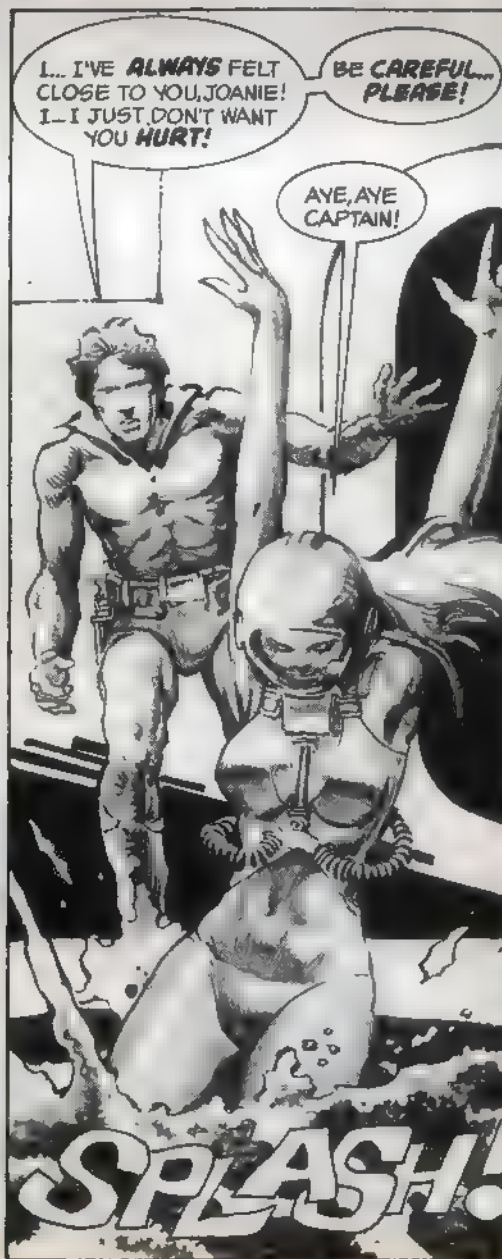
FAIRCHILD... JOANIE! I WANT YOU TO BE CAREFUL OUT THERE! THE MAIN DISEASE, THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR, IS STILL LURKING SOMEWHERE NEARBY!

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO BE CONCERNED, NED, BUT WHY THE SUDDEN WORRY? WHAT IS THIS DISEASE, ANYWAY?



IT'S MYSCORIA, JOANIE! LEGION FEVER!

I GEE, THE ONE THAT TOOK BEV AND MIKEY! ARE YOU AFRAID OF LOOSING ME, TOO!

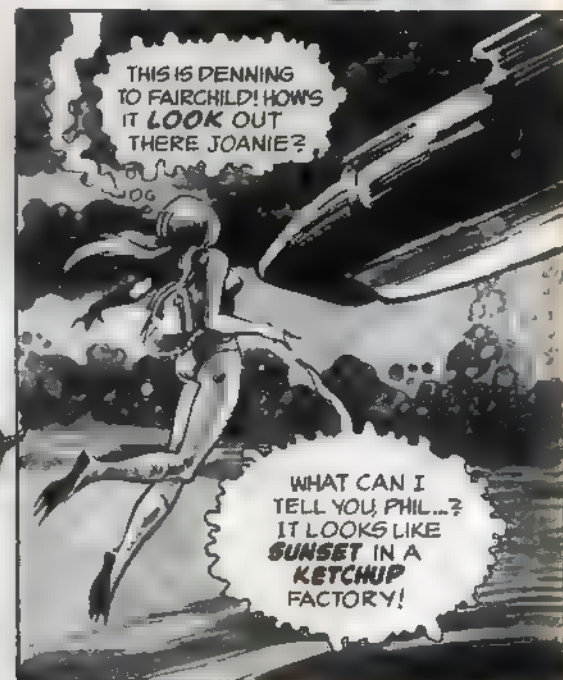


I... I'VE ALWAYS FELT CLOSE TO YOU, JOANIE! I-- I JUST DON'T WANT YOU HURT!

BE CAREFUL... PLEASE!

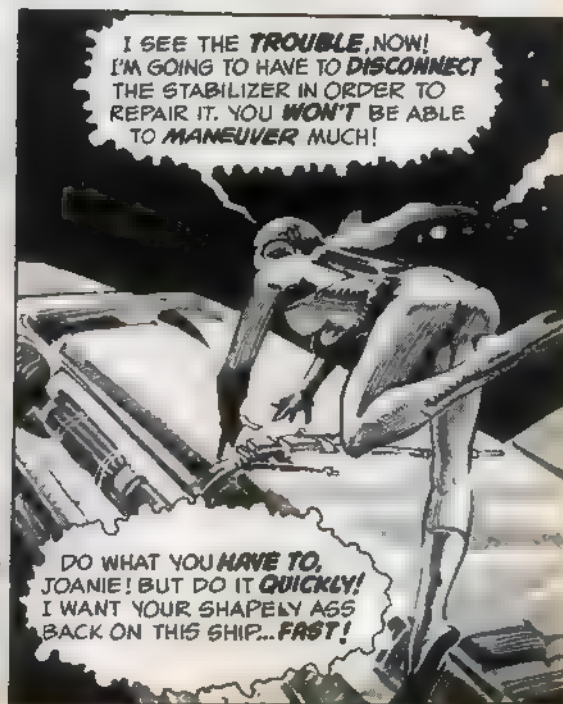
AYE, AYE CAPTAIN!

SPLASH!



THIS IS DENNING TO FAIRCHILD! HOWS IT LOOK OUT THERE JOANIE?

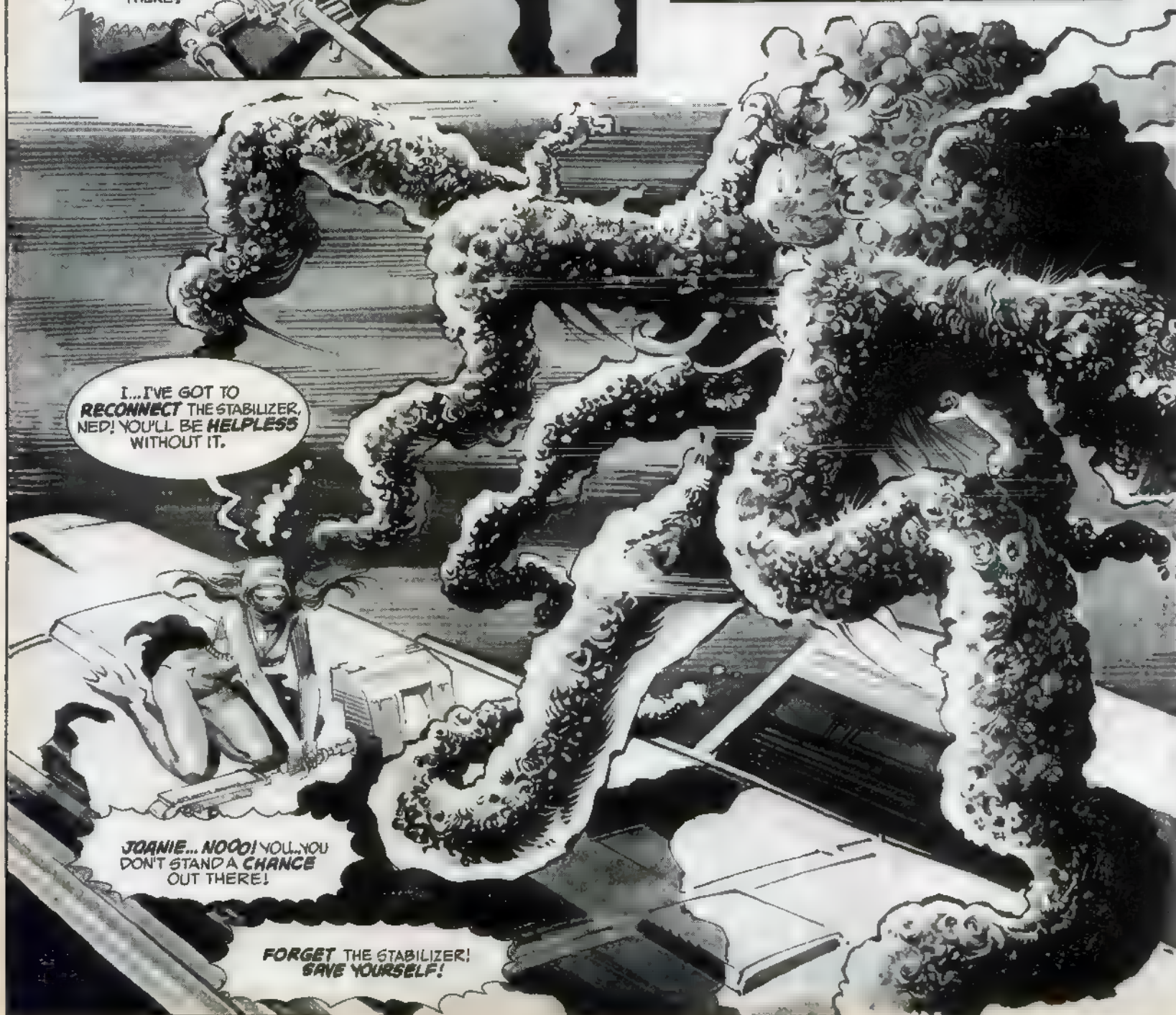
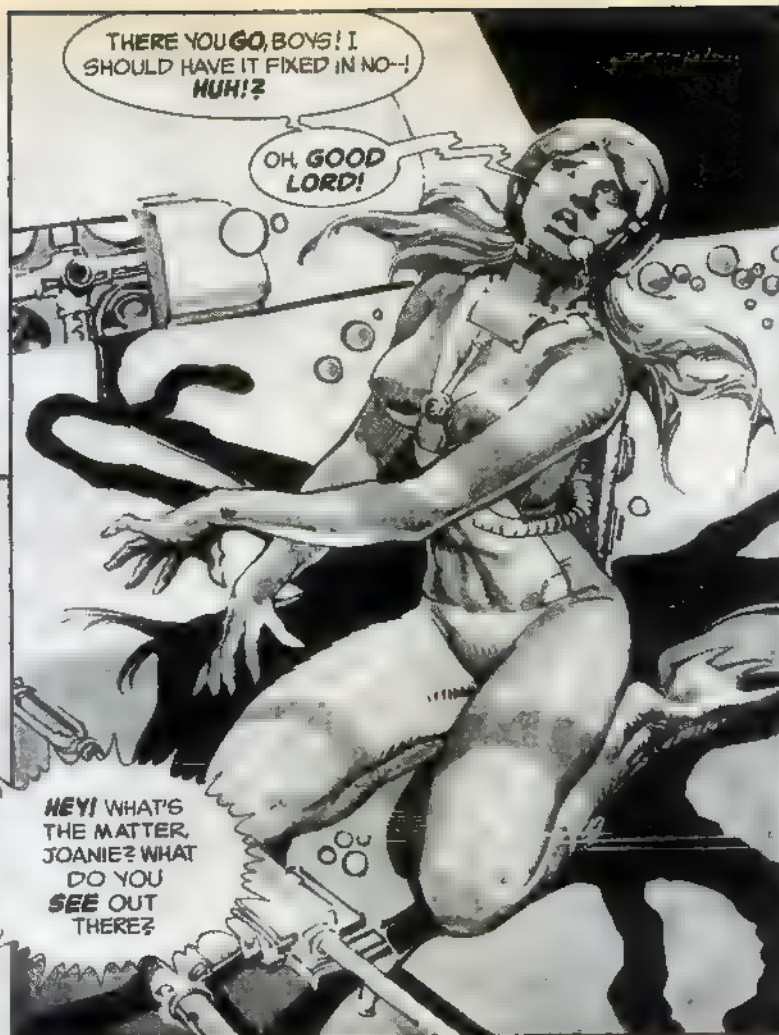
WHAT CAN I TELL YOU, PHIL...? IT LOOKS LIKE SUNSET IN A KETCHUP FACTORY!



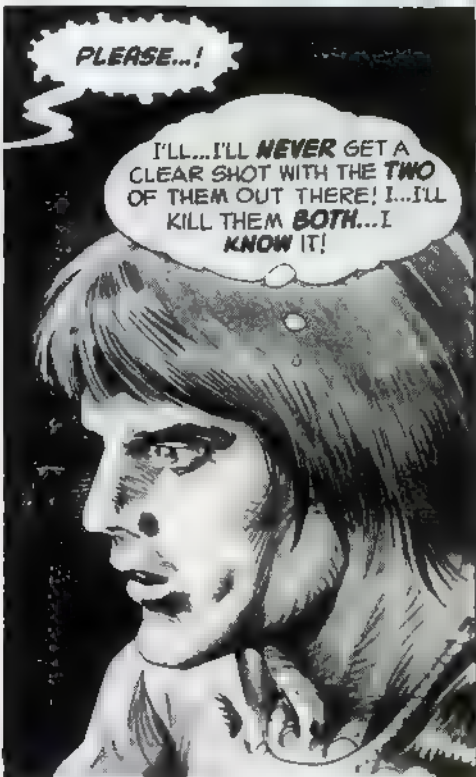
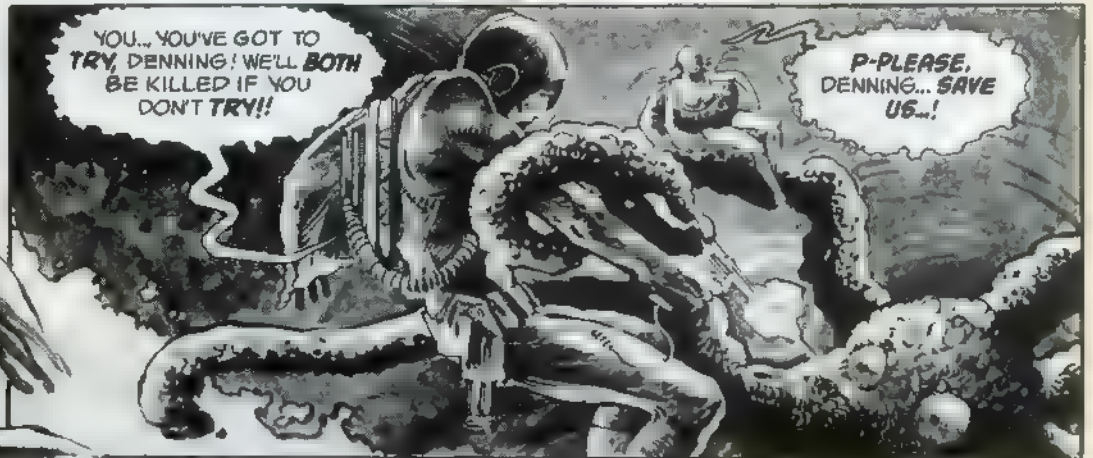
I SEE THE TROUBLE, NOW! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DISCONNECT THE STABILIZER IN ORDER TO REPAIR IT. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO MANEUVER MUCH!

DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO, JOANIE! BUT DO IT QUICKLY! I WANT YOUR SHAPELY ASS BACK ON THIS SHIP... FAST!











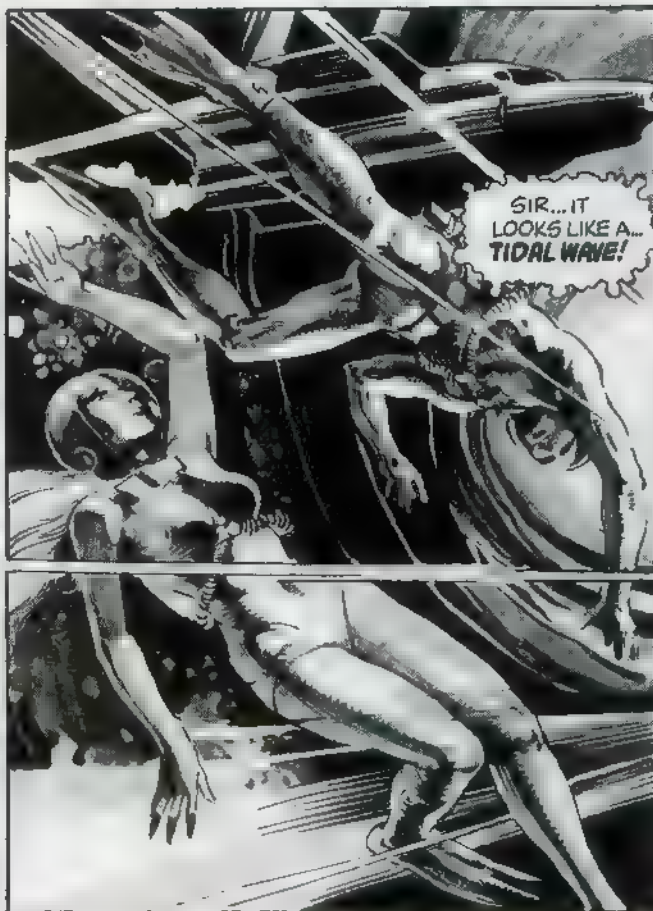


FANTASTIC SHOT, DENNING!  
YOU'VE **FINISHED** HIM! YOU'VE  
MADE THE MISSION A **SUCCESS**,  
BOY! YOU'RE GOING  
HOME A **HERO**!



SIR... I... I'M GETTING  
SOME WEIRD READINGS IN  
HERE! THERE'S A FLURRY OF  
**UNUSUAL** ACTIVITY...  
HEADING OUR WAY!

WHAT SORT OF  
ACTIVITY, DENNING!  
WHAT'S GOING  
**ON**?



SIR... IT  
LOOKS LIKE A...  
**TIDAL WAVE**!



CAPTAIN, WHAT  
IS THIS? WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

I... I DON'T KNOW,  
JOANIE! JUST **HANG**  
**ON**... AND **PRAY**!



THAT WAS **WONDERFUL**,  
MR. CARLSON! THE **BEST** I'VE  
EVER HAD!

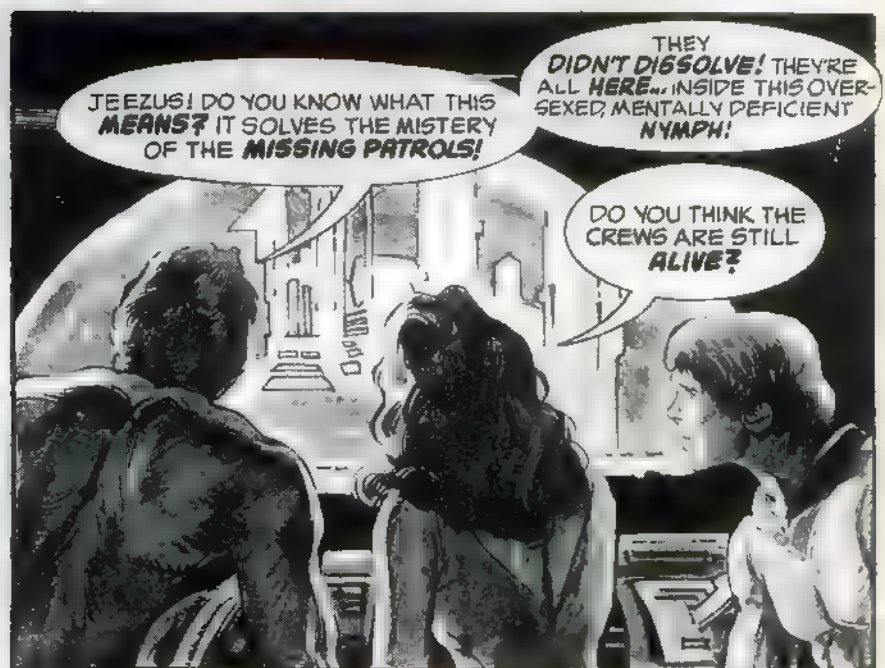
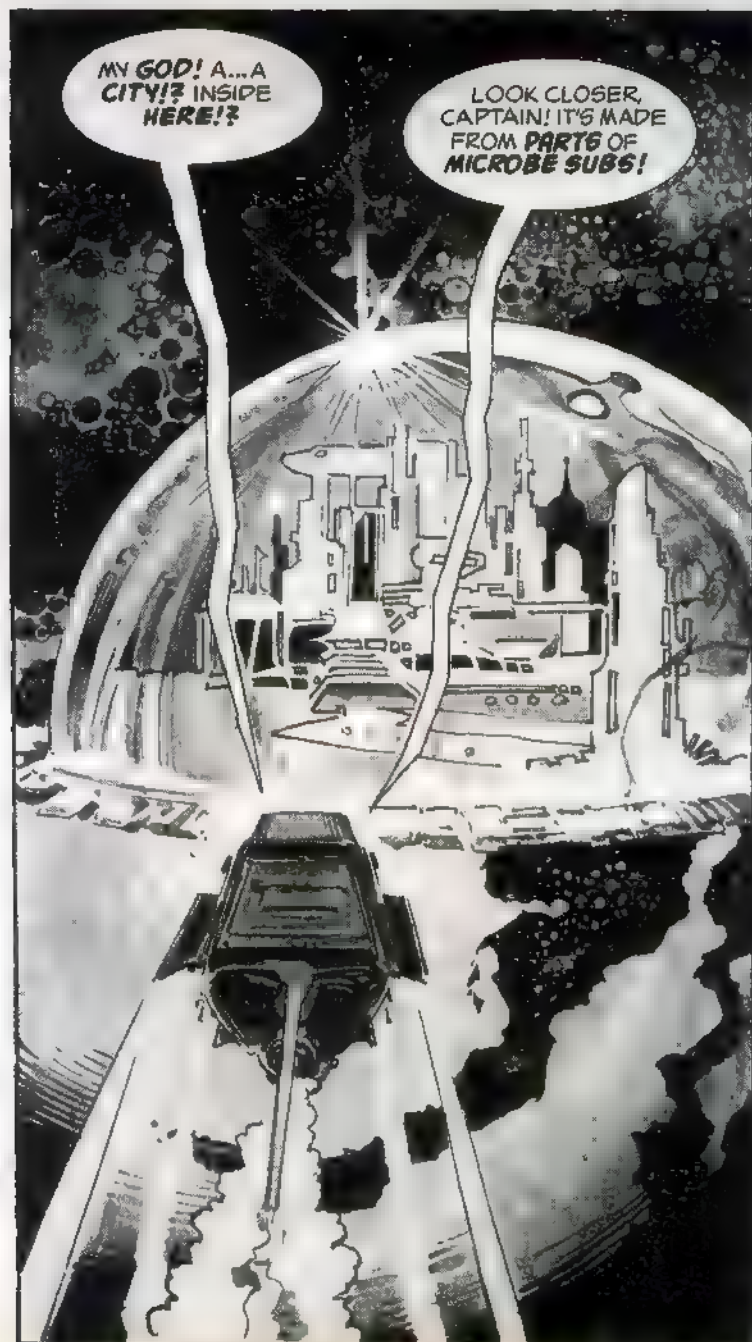
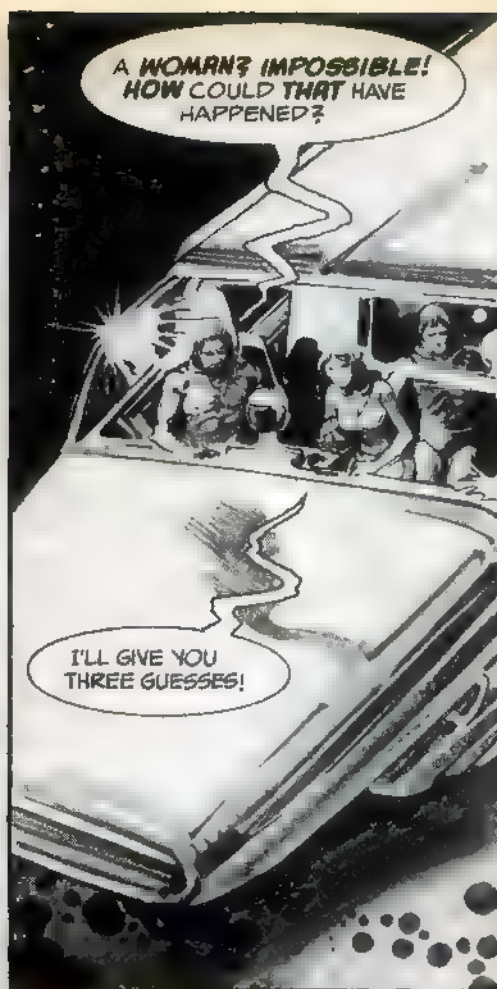
EVEN BETTER THAN THAT  
**JOVIAN** YOU WERE TELLING  
ME ABOUT!? THE ONE YOU  
WERE **NURSING** ON  
**JUPITER**!



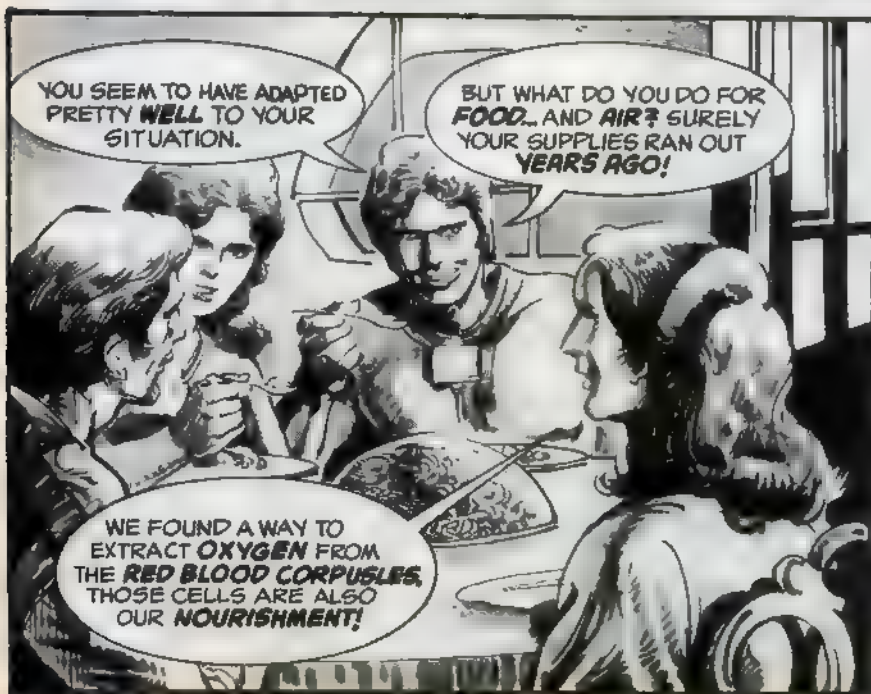
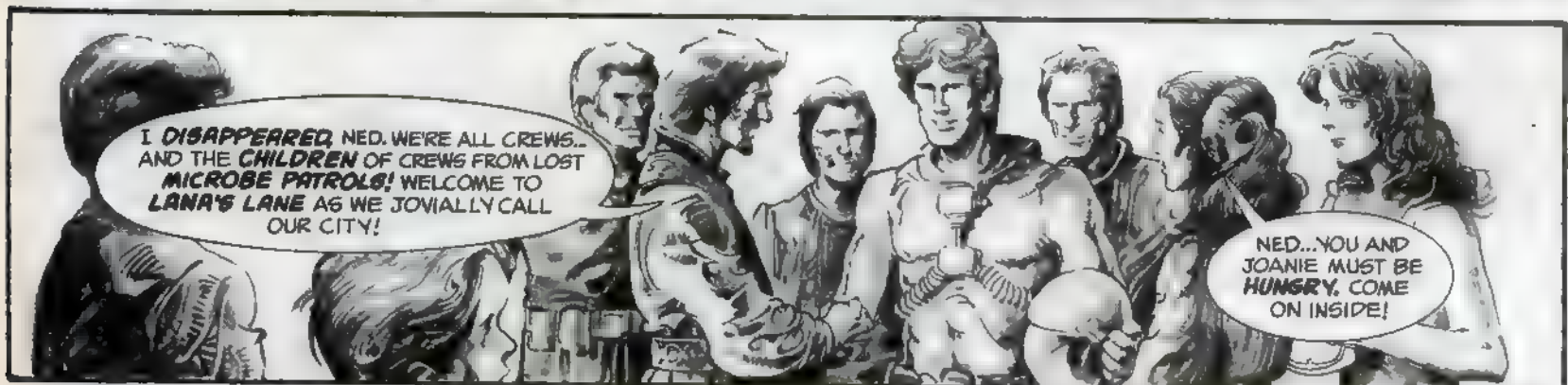
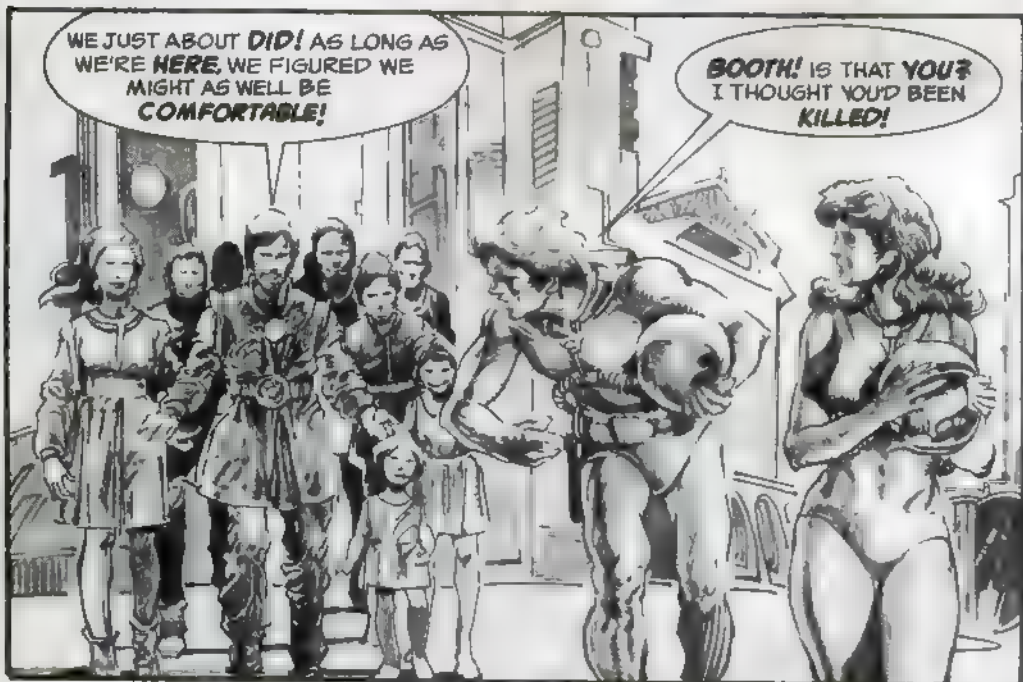
THOSE **ICKY** THINGS? **REALLY**,  
MR. CARLSON! YOU'RE BETTER  
THAN **ANY** GREEN SKINNED  
MARSUPIAL!

THANKS...!  
I THINK!

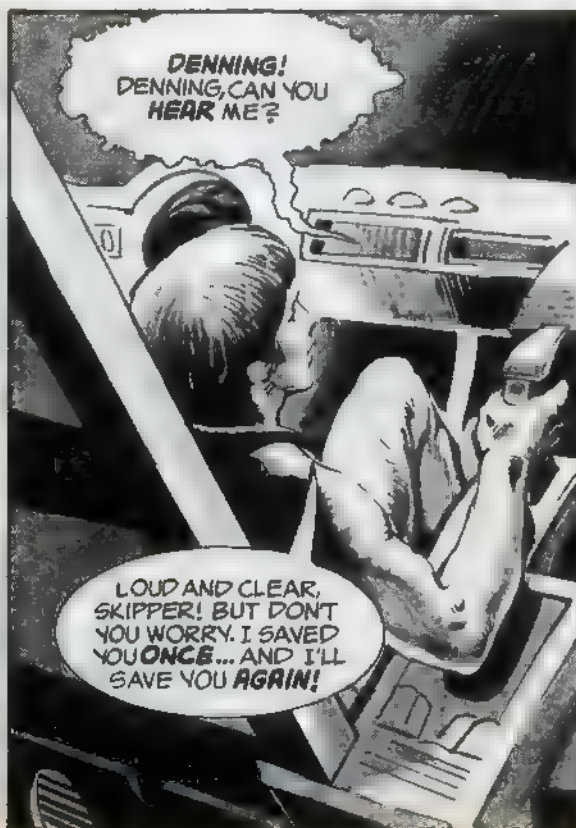
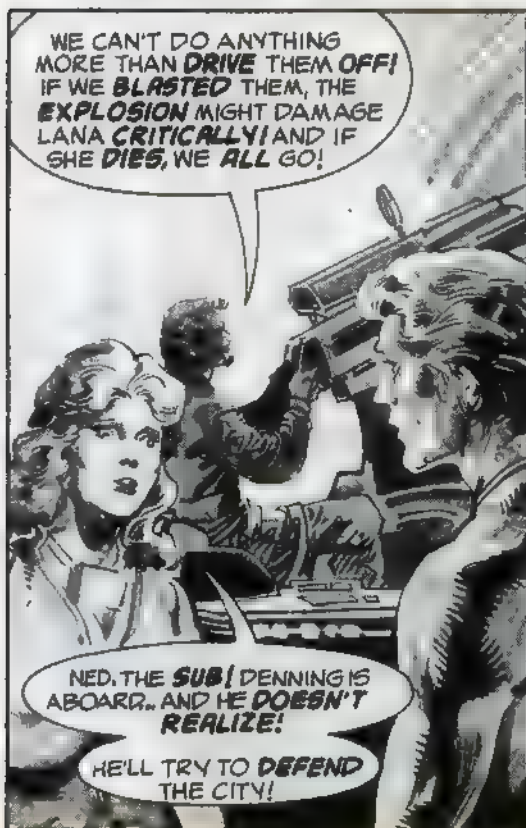




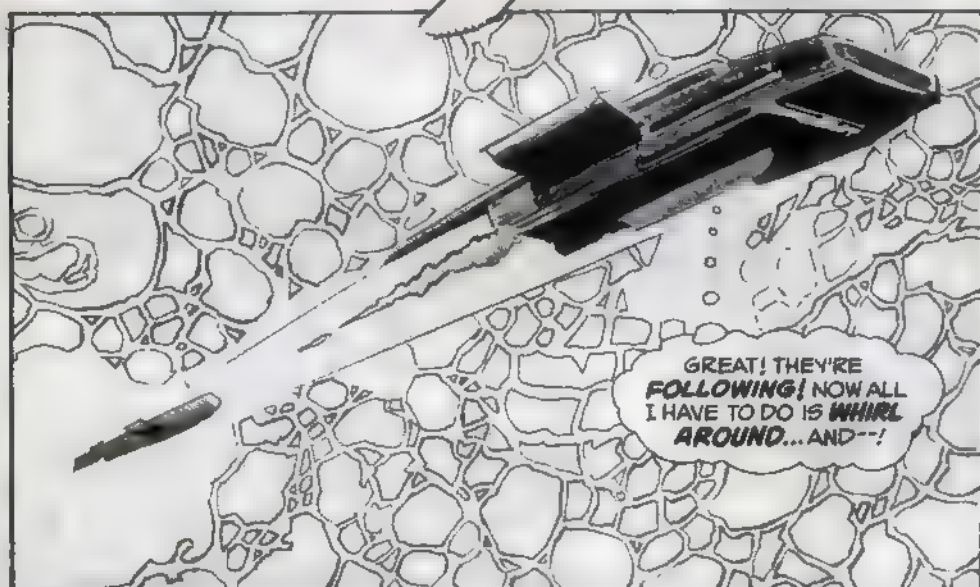
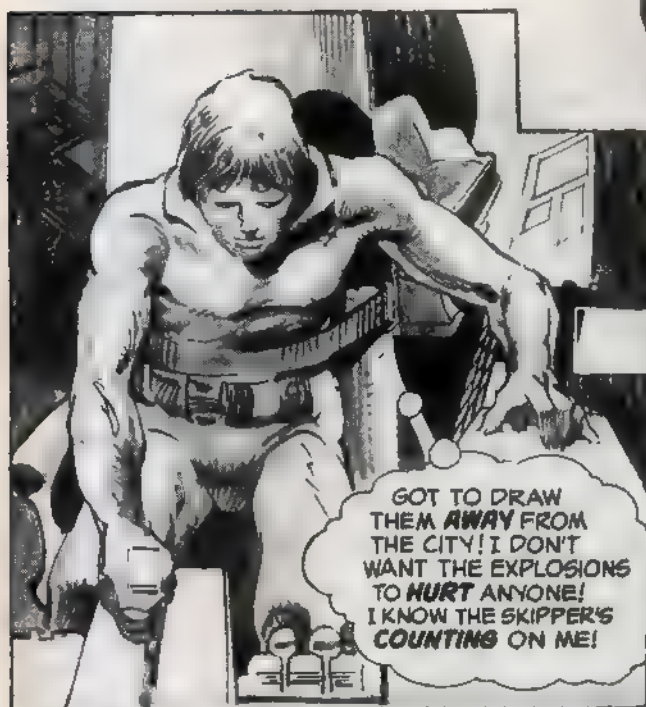
















AAAAHH!

LANA! WHAT  
...WHAT'S  
WRONG?



OH GEEZ! OH, LORD!  
I... I WAS **TOO MUCH** FOR  
HER! SHE... SHE'S HAD  
A **HEART ATTACK!**

SOMEONE...  
ANYONE... **HELP US**  
...PLEASE!



GOOD HEAVENS! ISN'T  
THAT ONE OF MY **NURSES?**  
THIS... THIS IS **DISGRACEFUL!**



NEVER MIND THAT!  
YOU'VE GOT TO **DO SOMETHING!**  
I THINK SHE'S **DYING!**



GIVE ME THE **DEFIBRILATOR!**  
AND YOU...! GET OUT OF BED AND  
PUT YOUR **PANTS ON.**

YEAH, YEAH!  
WHATEVER YOU  
SAY, **DOC!**



SHE'S **NOT**  
RESPONDING,  
DOCTOR!

THERE MUST HAVE  
BEEN **TOO MUCH DAMAGE!**  
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP  
TRYING...!



THEY'RE TRYING TO **DEFIB**  
HER! BUT IF THEY DON'T STOP  
SOON, THEY'LL **KILL US!**

AND WHEN THEY  
**DO STOP...** IT'LL MEAN  
LANA'S **DEAD!**





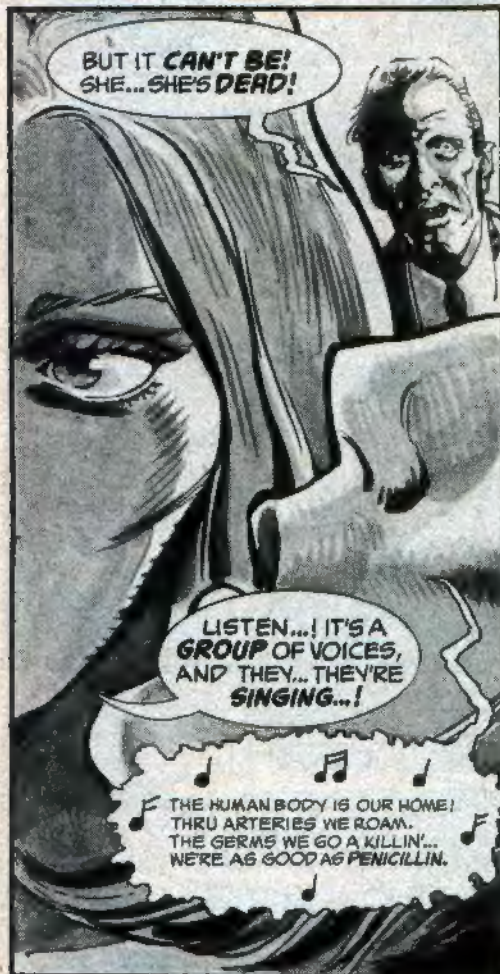
THEY...  
THEY'VE  
STOPPED!



WHAT A SAD END TO  
SUCH A MAGNIFICENT  
BODY!

THAT'S A BIT  
COLD HEARTED,  
ISN'T IT, DOCTOR?

DOCTOR, I...  
I HEAR A SOUND...  
A VOICE!



BUT IT **CAN'T BE!**  
SHE... SHE'S DEAD!

LISTEN...! IT'S A  
GROUP OF VOICES,  
AND THEY... THEY'RE  
SINGING...!

THE HUMAN BODY IS OUR HOME!  
THRU ARTERIES WE ROAM.  
THE GERMS WE GO A KILLIN'...  
WE'RE AS GOOD AS PENICILLIN.



GOOD LORD! THAT'S **TRACY'S**  
**SONG!** IF SHE'S **NOT** SINGING  
IT THEN... THEN IT MUST BE--

...THE  
**MICROBE**  
**PATROL!**

BUT...BUT HOW  
DID THEY GET  
INTO--?

ONE GUESS, DOCTOR! AND  
YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO USE  
MUCH  
**IMAGINATION!**

YOU'D BETTER  
GET A **MICRON**  
**SCANNER** AND  
THE HEAD OF  
**MICROBE**  
**CENTRAL** IN  
HERE  
IMMEDIATELY.



THIS IS **INCREDIBLE**, GENERAL.  
THERE'S **TRACY** AND **FAIRCHILD**  
AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF  
**OTHERS...**

HAVE HER BROUGHT TO  
**REDUCTION-RESTORATION!**  
WE'LL BEGIN THE **REMOVAL**  
AT ONCE!



A FEW DAYS LATER AT THE  
**MICROBE PATROL HEADQUARTERS!**

DARLING, I KNOW THAT FOR  
A WHILE, SHE WAS OUR ENTIRE  
WORLD, BUT ISN'T THIS **TRIBUTE**  
A BIT **MUCH?**

KNOWING LANA,  
SWEETHEART...SHE  
WOULD HAVE **LOVED**  
IT!

MOTHER



EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT

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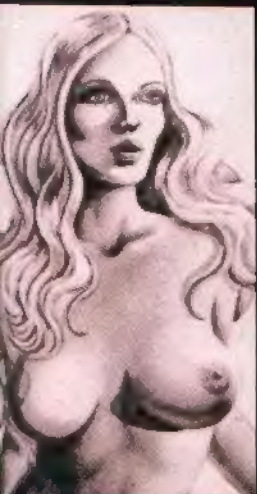
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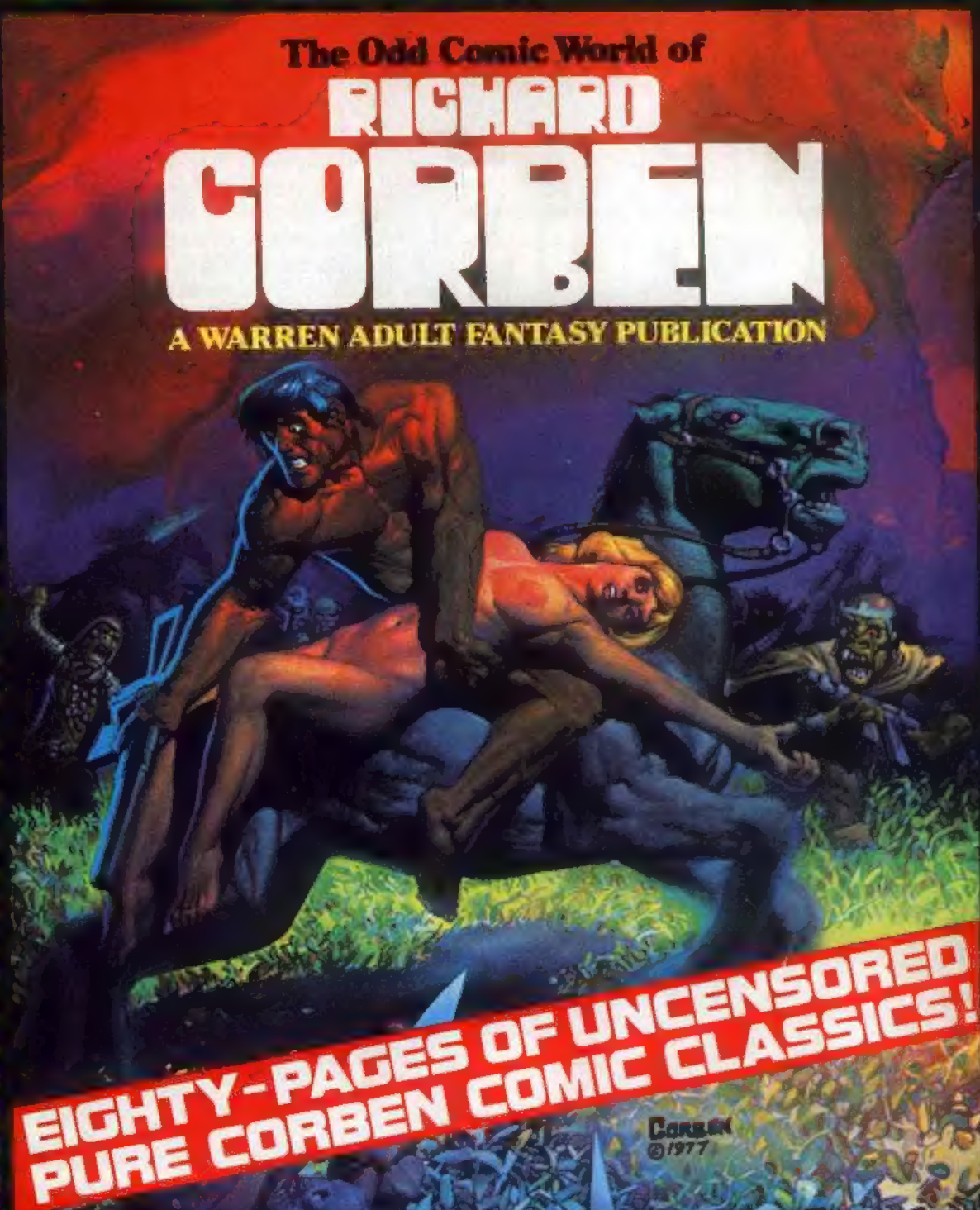
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